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I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher

MARCH 15, 1961

COVER

The suit of unexpected contrasts: hound's-tooth and Paisley, played with a nonconforming elegance, give this suit one of the unexpected and brilliant contrasts of the year—black and white checked wool tweed with an overblouse of golden Paisley silk surah. Identical Paisley in the small profile cloche. The lipstick to wear with this season's high-pitched colour—Revlon's Honey Bee Pink, a stirred-up, vivid shade, drenched in light and air, that is neither pink nor red but something quite new and bedazzling. Suit and hat by Norman Norell; earrings by Napier: Bonwit Teller. Suit and hat, also at Hutzler's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. White kidskin gloves by Kislav.



PENN

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The Chambre Syndicale de la Couture has requested that all publications showing Paris models from this collection publish the following line, to apply to all models shown: "Copyrighted model—reproduction forbidden." Of course, this does not apply to shops and makers who have bought the original models.

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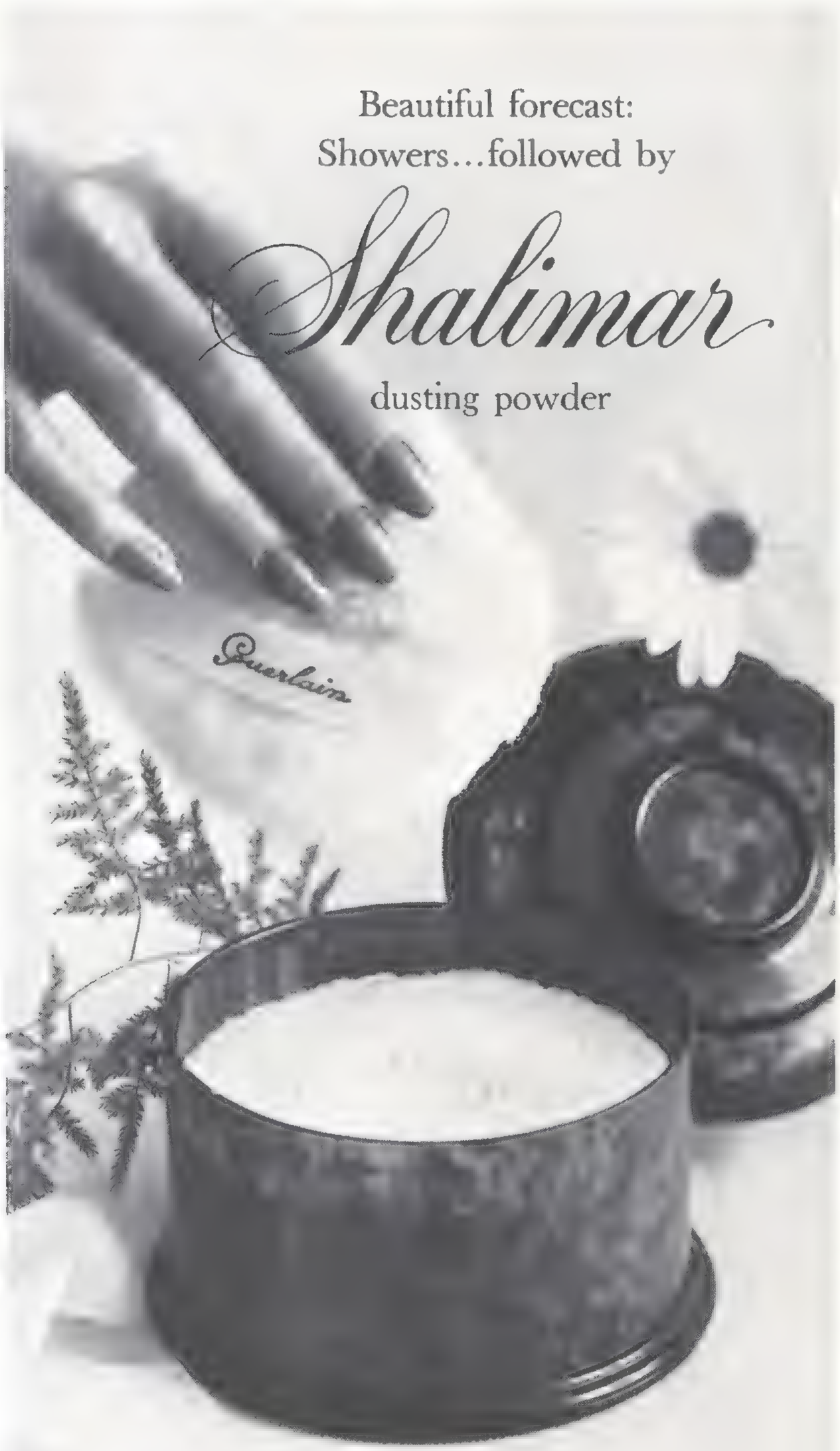
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THE LONE WOMAN TRAVELLER

Travelling is one of life's great pleasures—unless the traveller is a woman and alone. Consider such a woman—attractive, well-dressed, her bag bulging with passport and traveller's checks—standing on her hotel balcony, watching the grey-blue dusk settle over Paris. Families stroll along the street below, cars streak past; the lights go on.

How will she spend her evening? Enjoying a great meal with a great wine, in the dark-panelled brilliance of a great restaurant? Sitting in a café? Dancing beneath the lanterned trees in the Bois de Boulogne?

Arriving alone at a great restaurant, she would be refused entrance. Sitting alone in a café, she would be embarrassed by the inevitable attempted pickup. Out in the Bois, she can scarcely dance alone. She will instead order dinner in her room, or dine in some minor *bistro*, or sit in the hotel dining room, her eyes on a book. Her evening would be the same in any city in the world—Hong Kong to Madrid.

Every year, nonetheless, thousands of women take off alone. Travel agencies have few suggestions beyond the accompanied tour; their brochures show couples always dining in evening clothes. By taking care, however—and by exercising her eye for the social probabilities—a woman alone can have a wonderful trip.

The guesthouse

The world is full of guesthouses, or *pensions*, and staying in one can be, for a woman alone, almost as pleasant as staying with friends. Shrewdly dedicated to keeping vacationers happy, the Caribbean is dotted with unobtrusively convivial guesthouses. At White Sands in Bermuda, everyone gathers before dinner for drinks (on the house); dinner table plans are arranged to promote a change of partners each night.

Further down in the Caribbean, St. John, one of the Virgin Islands, has such small, attractive places as the Lillie Maho, where the food is delicious (an asset not to be taken for granted among West Indian resorts), and life considerably less ritualized than at, say, Caneel Bay Plantation.

In Jamaica, Raymond Bush, a retired English horticulturist with a charming house, Rock Cottage, Ocho Rios, takes in a few paying guests; afternoon tea is served on the verandah amid swarms of long-tailed hummingbirds; Mr. Bush often takes his guests along when he visits friends on nearby plantations. Similar places may be found on Nevis; there, Mary Pomeroy, an Englishwoman, takes guests at her well-run plantation house, Beachlands, and an American, Frank Galey, rents rooms in what was once a sugar mill at Golden Rock.

What has happened to these plantation houses and sugar mills in the Caribbean has happened, happily, to some of the lovely castles and châteaux in Europe—often run by their hereditary owners as small hotels and guesthouses. Ireland is rich in them. At Bunratty, near Shannon airport, there is the Castle (known simply as that); near Galway, there is Ballynahinch Castle; and the sixteenth-century Ashford Castle at Cong, between two lakes in County Mayo, has room for guests.

Austria, too, has pretty places. Near Salzburg, the Archduchess Gottfried runs her family château as if she enjoys it immensely (her guests do); another pleasant place, overlooking a lake, is Schloss Fuschl, once the hunting lodge of the bishops of Salzburg.

In France, two pleasant places are the Pavillon Madrid at Cannes and the Manoir de Béchéron, at Saché, Indre-et-Loire. At the Pavillon Madrid, run by Madame Medem, a white Russian who cooks superbly, some of the bedrooms have fireplaces, flowery balconies, views of the Mediterranean

(Continued on page 30)



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THE VICTORIA FALLS: "THE SMOKE THAT THUNDERS"

BY MARY CABLE

Dr. Livingstone usually chose words like "singular" or "interesting" to describe what he saw in darkest Africa, but in writing of Victoria Falls he let himself go: the falling water was "a snow-white sheet . . . like myriads of small comets rushing in one direction." And when he gazed upon the soaring spray, which the natives called "the smoke that thunders," the brilliant-blue sky and river, the "feathery" palms, the silvery and dark tropical trees with "pleasant scarlet fruit," he went so far as to say, "No one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight."

Tourists, rather than angels, now frequent the skies above the Victoria Falls, arriving and departing by major airlines from Johannesburg, Salisbury, Nairobi, and West Africa, or taking an "air flip" over the Falls in a single-engine local plane. From the air, the involved geological history of the Falls becomes easy to follow.

Dr. Livingstone, earth-bound, thought that the Falls were pouring into a big hole in the ground—"simply the whole mass of the Zambesi waters rushing into a fissure or rent made across the bed of the river." He did not then know that downstream from the Falls the river winds through a series of hairpin-curved gorges. Geologists have decided that these gorges were carved by earlier waterfalls, that the Falls have shifted their position eight times and were once several miles downstream.

The Zambesi is, at this point, about 900 miles from its mouth on the Indian Ocean, and flows south-southeast over a bed of hard basalt that is believed to be a thousand feet deep. At some remote time, before the river existed, the basalt was fractured in an east-west direction and the fractures filled with a soft, clay-like deposit.

Eight times the Zambesi has worn away one of these soft cracks and created an enormous cliff to fall over. Seven times it has found and concentrated on a weak place in the hard basaltic lip of the cliff and cut it down so that most of the cliff was left high and dry and all the waters of the river flowed over the weak place, eroding it down and eventually back to a new soft vertical crack further upstream.

Thus, below the present Falls, you can see plainly the eight abandoned sites of earlier Falls, which are now towering cliffs with the river corkscrewing among them at breakneck pace. The Falls are now in their eighth position and are working away at a weak spot at the eastern end. Called the Devil's Cataract, this segment of the Falls is a mere 200 feet high, as compared with the greatest height of more than 350 feet. From the air it is possible to see the lines of weakness in the rock and to imagine where the next Falls will be (some 5,000 to 10,000 years from now).

The Victoria Falls had few visitors until 1904, when the Cape-to-Cairo railroad pushed its way to the southern bank. This railroad was the dearest dream of Cecil Rhodes. He did not live to see it reach the Zambesi and he never saw the Victoria Falls, but it was his express wish that when a bridge was built to carry the railroad across the Zambesi it should be so near the Falls that "the passengers should feel the spray." In southern Africa, Rhodes's slightest wish was a command.

(Continued on page 32)

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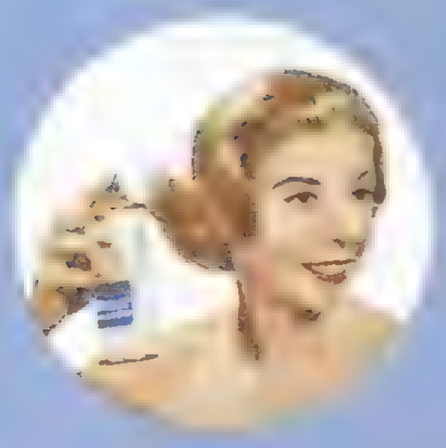




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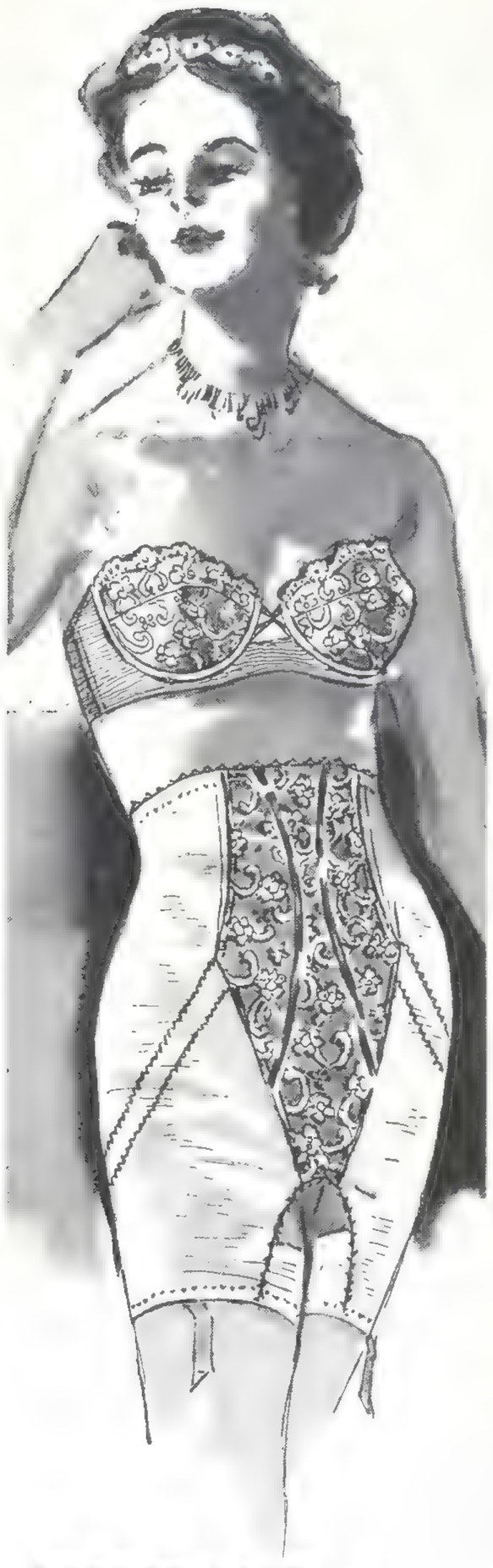
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THE LONE WOMAN TRAVELLER

(Continued from page 14)

and of the frosty Alps. A delightful castle close to all the Loire châteaux, the Manoir de Bécheron is owned by Jacques Davidson and his wife; they rent a few rooms, and keep, in a studio, sculpture by Mr. Davidson's famous father, Jo Davidson.

Both Rome and Florence are big on the kind of *pensioni* where one is made to feel immediately at one with everyone. In Rome, a good place is the Pensione Bellavista Milton; in Florence, the Pensione Pitti Palace.

Spain has its *paradores* and Portugal its *pousadas*, those government-run guesthouses, some as informal and attractive as private houses. (Others are definitely not.) In Spain, the Parador Nacional at Mérida was once a richly-decorated convent; the Parador de Oropesa in Oropesa, a small mediaeval castle.

What was the Casa del Baron, a Renaissance house in Pontevedra, is now the Parador Nacional. At Obidos in Portugal, the Pousada do Castelo, built into castle walls, has just five rooms, each with a magnificent view.

Although there are families throughout Europe who will take a few paying guests, the system is perhaps at its most organized in Israel, where rooms are arranged by the Government Tourist Corporation.

The small hotel

There are certain hotels so small, in resorts so offbeat or undeveloped, that a guest would have to be pretty surly not to have someone to talk to.

Among such places in Spain, there is the Marbella Club, at Marbella on the southern coast; in France, there is La Pax, at Mougins in the hills behind Cannes, as well as the Pavillon Sévigné in Vichy. Italy has the Grand Hotel Cristallo-Bonacchi (with a roof-top swimming pool) at Montecatini; Germany, the Waldhotel Fischkultur, in the Black Forest at Baden-Baden. It would be difficult not to talk to people at any of these places—or at any number of places; for instance, the Hotel Playa Mazatlán in Mazatlán, in Mexico.

The cruise

For an unaccompanied woman, a happy cruise choice might be one of the luxury freighters that carry about a dozen (one would hope congenial) passengers. Under different flags, these ships ply most of the interesting routes. Good, too, are such short cruises as the four-day brush from Honolulu through the Hawaiian islands, arranged by Matson; others are the cruises around either the Caribbean or the Greek islands, planned by Commander Vernon Nicholson of Antigua.

The group tour

Intelligently chosen, the escorted tour can be a pleasant solution to the problem of travelling alone. From tipping and guides to meals and hotels, everything is taken care of.

One tour of Europe, arranged by Horizons of Europe, Inc. (152 West 42nd Street, New York 36), includes planned evenings as well as days. Groups of about thirty people are driven through eleven countries in comfortable motor coaches, exposed to the necessary sights, and put up at *good* hotels. Among the special pleasures are evenings in night clubs, a float along a canal in Amsterdam, gambling at the Casino in Nice, and, in summer, opera in the open at the Baths of Caracalla in Rome.

A rather grand way to see Europe is on the tour planned by the Rogal Travel Service (222 Locust Street, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania): four people in an Opel Kapitan, driven by an English-speaking chauffeur.

Once in Europe, a woman alone might try a shorter tour. One involves a three-day meander by horse-drawn coach across the green country between Dublin and Belfast; others, on Linjebuss International motor coaches, go to the Swiss lakes, the Italian hill towns, the Norwegian fjords.

The tour with a purpose

It is possible to visit Europe's major music festivals—and most of its opera houses in season—on tours arranged by the Mayfair Travel Service (119 West 57th Street, New York 19). Another single-minded tour, run by Esplanade Travel Service (76 Charles Street, Boston, Massachusetts), concentrates on an archaeological tour of the Mediterranean this year; in 1962 the tour will go to European churches with famous pipe organs.

Amateurs of art might try a tour in Europe, leaving May 6 and returning on June 4—stopping in London, Amsterdam, Lucerne, Vienna, Madrid, and Capri, under the guidance of the well-known artist, Adolph Dehn.

Study tours, including seminars and lectures, are arranged by both Travel & Study, Inc. (631 Lexington Avenue, New York 22); and the non-profit Association for Academic Travel Abroad, Inc. (550 Fifth Avenue, New York 36); fashion tours include invitations to the collections at the great European dress houses. Dr. Hubert Herring, the historian who wrote *Good Neighbors* and *A History of Latin America*, takes a study group around South America. There are jet pilgrimages to Lourdes, Fatima, and Rome, arranged by the Catholic Travel League (1841 Broadway, N. Y.).

Gardeners who have outgrown Virginia might tour the gardens of Europe, Hawaii, Japan, Mexico, on tours arranged by the Jean Berke Travel Service, Inc. (518 Fifth Avenue, New York 36).

There is even one tour devoted to visiting European dog shows; this excursion, limited to forty, is run by the International Travel Service (245 Market Street, Paterson 1, New Jersey).

To remember

Lone women travelling by sea should arrange to sit at a large table on board; those going by air, to find out about each airline's special services. American embassies, almost everywhere, keep on file the names of good guides and interpreters. In France, Terence Weldon (10 Rue Mont Thabor, Paris) arranges such things as ringside tables, boxes at Longchamp, rooms in hotels that are usually booked months ahead. Letters to people abroad are, of course, an immense help—and so, whenever possible, is a husband.

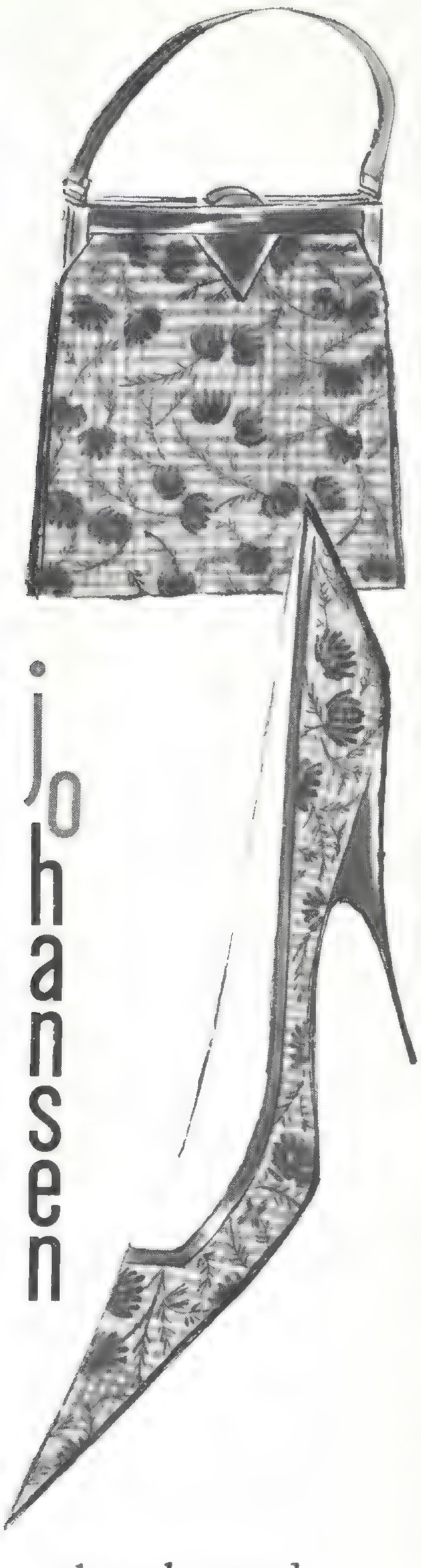
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THE VICTORIA FALLS

(Continued from page 22)

It would have been easier to span the Zambesi above the Falls. but this was not to be thought of; the bridge went across the first gorge below the Falls, 310 feet above high water and close enough so that, at flood-time, anyway, and if the wind is right and the train windows open, passengers can manage to get wet. The bridge, which is 657 feet long, was started from both sides of the gorge and just nine weeks after operations began and with the loss of only two lives, the middle girders were set in place—on April 1, 1905.

At last "the most wonderful sight in Africa" was within reach of the humble tourist. The Cape Government Railways timetable for September, 1906, announced: "A First Class Saloon for Victoria Falls leaves Cape Town on the 11:30 A.M. train on Tuesdays and is attached to the Zambesi Express at Kimberley. It reaches Victoria Falls station at 7:15 A.M. on Saturday. It is luxuriously appointed, and includes shower bath, etc. The distance from Cape Town is 1,642 miles and the return fare £23/16/8." Terms at Victoria Falls Hotel were 21 shillings a day. (Nowadays, the journey from Cape Town to Livingstone by air takes about five hours of flying time.)

The Victoria Falls Hotel was then a fairly unprepossessing shack, and the nearest bar was so disreputable that its owner, a small Italian, was afraid to go inside, as the patrons were apt to seize him, set him on a high shelf, and demand that he sing an aria. Today the hotel, large and rambling, commands the curve of the second gorge within sound of the Falls and sight of the "smoke," and is a place of such comfortable, old-fashioned appurtenances, as outsize wicker chairs, footed bathtubs, six-course menus, and prompt, numerous servants. There is early-morning tea and a newspaper in the morning, and the bath water is piping hot; it is hard to realize that less than a mile away you could be eaten by a crocodile.

From the hotel, you can take a bus to the Falls or to the town of Livingstone, where there are curio shops and a good museum; you can visit a model native village or fly to a place called Binga to see a real one; you can arrange fishing trips or safaris, and take a dawn flight over herds of elephant, zebra, and other game in the adjacent bush. One excursion that almost everyone takes is an afternoon launch-trip up the Zambesi. Like the hotel, this is a curious superimposing of Rule Britannia upon the jungle. The launch buckets along in the broad, sapphire-blue water, past palmy shores and sandspits inhabited by crocodiles, giant lizards, and spectacular birds—cormorants, hornbills, ibis, herons—all looking like fugitives from a zoo. Occasionally, a hippo comes up dripping and turns its pink nostrils and aloof, bloodshot gaze toward the launch, while cameras triumphantly snap ("you see that sort of blur in the water?").

The launch party lands on an island, first sending an African attendant ashore to be sure that no elephants got there first. Cups and saucers and biscuits are unpacked from a hamper, tea is made. The island looks primeval, dark as twilight under the heavy boughs and vines. There are hippo footprints in the muddy ground. A bird with an unearthly voice whoops in the treetops; the teacups clink.

* * *

A whole day might be spent in the immediate vicinity of the Falls—in fact, people who live in the adjacent towns of Victoria Falls (south bank) and Livingstone (north bank) advise that a lifetime is not too long. From dawn to sunset, there is a never-ending change of lighting effects, and two or several rainbows hover either high in the cloud of spray, or on the falling torrents, or down in the seething white chaos of water and spray at the bottom; and these rainbows are constantly shifting and reappearing, as if they were Beings—as the primitive people of the neighbourhood believed they were. When the river is in flood, the full moon produces flitting, silvered-down ghosts of rainbows, one of the rarest and

(Continued on page 38)

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THE VICTORIA FALLS

(Continued from page 32)

most lovely sights in the world.

The spray that falls by Rhodes's decree on the railway passengers falls also on the precipice facing the Falls, and this continual drenching has produced there a strange and beautiful rain forest. While the ordinary vegetation around the Falls consists chiefly of large deciduous trees, such as teak and mopane, which shed their leaves in winter, the rain forest is a green jungle of wild date palms, fig trees, ebonies, and acacias, all tangled with liana vines. Orchids, ferns, and an exotic kind of scarlet lily flourish in the hothouse-like air.

There is no other rain forest within hundreds of miles. Several movie companies have used these few hundred yards for jungle pictures, delighted with the opportunity to go on location in the comfort of the Victoria Falls Hotel. Except that a footpath from one end of the forest to the other is kept clear, the vegetation grows and decays exactly as it always has.

From the forest's greenish half-light, one looks directly into the upswirling spray and hears the curious wind or updraft that sighs and whistles eerily in the chasm between the Falls and rain forest. At flood time, when seventy-five million gallons of water per minute go crashing over the Falls, the spray rushes upward to a height of over a thousand feet. It condenses, falls back, runs down the precipice walls in rivulets, and then is caught by the wind and hurried skyward again. This is all like a sudden, violent storm, but it has been going on unceasingly for many thousands of years.

* * *

Impressions of the Falls tend to be intense and are sometimes surprising. A South African writer, circa 1922, offers: "Johannesburgers say that the booming eternal roar of the falling waters reminds them of the noise of the dumps on the Rand." A tourist from Chicago, who stood beside me overlooking the Eastern Cataract, said with a happy smile, "Ma'am, that's the biggest bathtub that ever overflowed."

An intensely negative reaction was that of a French ethnologist, Lionel Dècle, who made his way there in 1891. He wrote that he "had never been so disappointed. . . . It is hell itself, a corner of which seems to open at your feet; a dark and terrible hell, from the middle of which you expect every moment to see some repulsive monster rising in anger."

James Chapman, an explorer who arrived in 1875, along with the artist, Thomas Baines, called it "a scene of wild sublimity," but added: "The nervous spectator fancies himself being involuntarily drawn into the stream, and by some invisible spell tempted to fling himself headlong into it. . . . My nerves are sorely tried by Baines, who, finding everywhere new beauties for his pencil, must needs drag me along to the very edge, he gazing with delight, I with terror, down into the lowest depths of the chasm."

One day while the nerveless Baines was making a watercolour study of the Zambesi, a crocodile ate his cook. Nowadays, a sign on the river bank warns, "Swimming is suicidal because of crocodiles"—an example of how little the place has changed in a hundred years. Except for rough paths, "pass at your own risk" signs, and a larger-than-life statue of Dr. Livingstone, the neighbourhood of the Falls is very much as it was when the great man first saw it.

"Do you lose many tourists?" I asked a man from Livingstone who was showing me around.

"Good gracious, of course not," he said, sounding affronted. "Only three last year." And he regaled me with accounts of people plummeting off some cliff or other—but in every case they were bent on suicide, or were weak-ankled, drunk, or just unusually careless. "There's always an explanation," he said cheerfully.

I concluded that, with ordinary precaution, I was sure to get back to the hotel in one piece. Sure? Well, almost sure—last year the Women's Zambesi Rowing Team was upset by a hippo. All hands were recovered—still, tea and crumpets have not quite taken over Africa.

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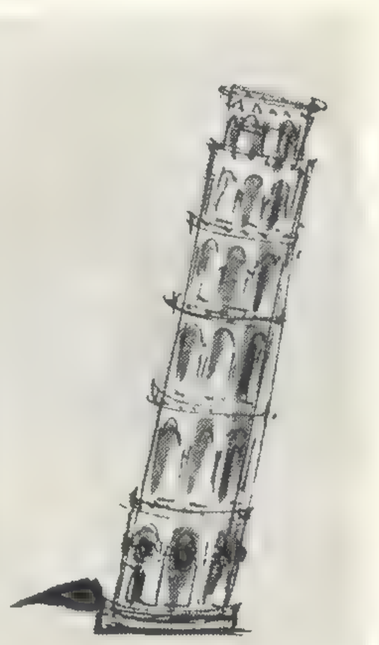
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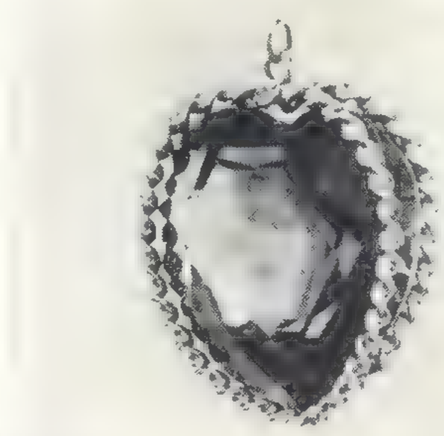
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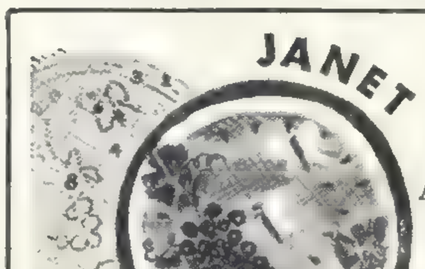


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COIFFURE BY ALBERTO OF EVE OF ROME FOR CAPUCCI. PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEOMBRUNO-BODI

Vogue's eye view of getting the point—wrong

When this coiffure reared
its witty, fantastic head, half wig, half real,
at Florence's Pitti Palace in Capucci's Collection,
everyone was amused and delighted.
No one took it for anything but a fantasy,
a one-night extravaganza—perhaps for a *bal de tête*.
No one cried revival,
that boring wolf-call in fashion,
although the coiffure is obviously based on the
mediaeval hennin (now of *Camelot* fame).
No one got the point wrong—
as perhaps happened with some of this season's
collections, here and in Paris.
The Twenties revival is minor.
The point for the women who will wear the
new clothes is their contemporary beauty—
a sinuousness, a sense of colour, a concern for
the wearer, a tender flattery and allure
that are as 1961 as Jacqueline Kennedy,
as C. P. Snow, as stretch pants.
Unlike the coiffure, with its flashing
limited performance, the new clothes have tenure;
they belong not only to this year
but have the forward look of the sixties.

Colour—
are you
with it?

Not if you're just talking about it, not if you're going to flip through these pages of dazzling, rule-breaking colour combinations with a they're-writing-songs-of-love-but-not-for-me attitude—that's not being with it. One shy mauve hat or one brilliant pink suit isn't enough in an otherwise monochromatic wardrobe. This year, colour in quantity means new beauty, suddenly and easily, without calorie charts or knee-bends. It's the beauty move that gives a fresh kind of flattery, that brightens looks and changes outlooks. This is a season when just one never-before colour in the hand isn't going to make up for all those in the fashion bush now. Even if it's that deliciously tender beige-apricot shade from Paris; one way Paris showed this was in a one-colour, several-tones arrangement, a dress or suit, or dress and coat, hat and even beads, in varying tones of apricot. These monotone costumes, in pale mauves, blues, greens, were seen often in Paris and will be here, too; as much of a fashion event as the colours that are going by contrasts in twos—and three is no longer a crowd. There are tri-coloured suits, flower-scattered suits, dresses, and printed coats in striking mixes; for instance, green gold, dusky gold, and lilac—all in one look. One of the most remarkable beauties in the American collections is a Norell suit that mixes green and white stripes with olive Paisley. On page 51, a deep myrtle suit sharpens its colour edge on the tautest blue hat. Another Norell combination is the matte black dress, page 52, with a yellow coat as direct as the midday sun; or there is a tiny box-lid hat of rose and yellow, wound in thin grey and white stripes, with an enormous scarf worn as a collar, to turn on a severe little grey suit, or vivid pink wool dress. *(Continued on page 53)*

Colour-with-more-colour: red sliced with tangerine and citron

A chiffon dress of startling beauty, with each slice of colour—citron, tangerine, red, contrasting brilliantly with the other in the floating skirt. The hat, cascades of citron chiffon, is high romance, meant for a guest at a worldly garden wedding; it has some of the same fantasy as the gauzy sou'westers in Cardin's Paris Collection. Without the hat, the dress, light and unfussed, colour its only ornament, is a natural for dancing, for special theatre evenings, dinner parties, almost any gala that doesn't call for a long dress. The shoes to wear with it, cherry-red silk opera pumps, by Evins. The lipstick, wonderful with a mélange of brilliance like this, Revlon's new sun-dazzled shade, Honey Bee Pink. Dress and hat by Galanos, of Bianchini chiffon, the lipstick and nail enamel are all at Lord & Taylor; Burdine's; Frost Bros.; Goldwaters. Pale beige stockings, by Mary Grey. HORST



MORE COLOUR-WITH-COLOUR NEWS

This page: Stinging contrast of pink and green, one of the season's best, is strengthened by the uncluttered beauty of the tailoring in this suit by Norman Norell. He showed it with this pink silk cloche and dark green alligator shoes. Hat and wool suit with its collar and lining of the same silk as the blouse. Both at Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. *Facing page:* Pungent lilac coat, three-quarter length, slit panelled, worn over a severe slim black skirt. The blouse might be a sleeveless jersey or silk sweater. Coat (Forstmann wool fleece) and skirt are both by Dan Millstein, about $125, at Saks Fifth Avenue: Woodward & Lothrop; Halle Bros.

Bean green
and pink

Pungent lilac

MORE COLOUR-WITH-COLOUR NEWS

This page: A ravishing mix of azalea and lilac silk in a dress that goes most of the day and night, now in the tropics or later in the East. The longer overblouse slinks down the hips, sashed with the mauve silk of the skirt. The shoes to wear with this: any anemone-coloured sandal, or perhaps a Paisley opera pump. By Larry Aldrich in Onondaga silk, about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; Sakowitz.

Facing page: Green-and-pink with a twist of black. A dill-green three-quarter, all-shape coat in cotton ottoman over a black jersey dress. This is one of the you-do-it colour contrasts: add the bright pink of a tiny straw hat; figure on black shoes. Coat by Dan Millstein, about $90, at Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus.

A sharp difference of
lilac and azalea

HORST

Dill green
with pink

Vivid yellow
and white
with black

MORE COLOUR-WITH-COLOUR NEWS

This page: Softly tailored suit of black silk shantung; its chic ripened by a yellow-and-white polka dot blouse of silk chiffon, matching jacket lining. The hat, startling white straw, pinioned with a golden feather; by Emme. The suit is by Adele Simpson of Onondaga shantung, about $145, at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Nicholas Ungar. *Facing page:* Myrtle-pink jacket and dress with the surprise of a taut little green-blue hat. Black shoes and gloves, here not for safety but for spark. Suit with a tunnel collar, sleeveless dress. By Fretchel in wool, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. The straw hat tied up in a bow is by Emme.

HORST

Hat and suit contrast:
myrtle-pink and taut blue



Colour— are you with it?

continued

Of course, every one of these brilliant combinations isn't going to be for you—some have an exacting brightness that only a few women wear successfully. If the brilliant dill-green and pink contrast on page 49 doesn't make you bloom, that's no reason to think you haven't a green fashion thumb—there are plenty of other flattering gentler greens around, many with the added blandishment of pink. Besides, the failure may not be you but your make-up, possibly your choice of accessories.

The accessory colour-rise to follow this year is the one that never competes with the clothes contrasts, but fuses subtly with the look. Starting with a miniature hat is a positive move, but by no means the only hat one to make. (There's no shortage of big beauties about this year.) The diminutive choice might be a tailored organdie box top, white with a toy bunch of blue cornflowers tacked front and centre, this with a green or amber suit perhaps. There are pretty saucers of chiffon petals in flaming pink, lilac, greens, mocha; and handfuls of wildflowers—the newest way to wear them with even more flowers in a silk printed suit. The delightful little skull caps (a deep orange one with a navy-blue coat or dress is a sure way of being with it) sometimes, but not always, take jewels clipped to their sides. Any one of these little-hat situations may create another situation—the pleasant one of changing to a new hair style. Small hats look best with hair shorter at the sides, not too curly, and closer to the head; some of the new coiffures even look like little caps fringed with bangs.

From head to toe, the same colour rule-breaking holds. Shoe adventure is called for, starting with the overthrow of at least one of those cautious go-with-all choices; they may go with everything but they rarely provide much of a lift for a costume. Of course, no woman wants to be without black leather shoes (this year, teamed with long black kidskin gloves, they take on added dash and strength in the light of such brilliant combinations as raspberry and blue), but everyone also needs at least one pair of unexpected shoes. These might be dark glossy green alligator opera pumps to wear with a pickle-green suit. There's a whole new leather palette—white alligator, saffron lizard, cherry-red goatskin; and a new crop of prints, bold Paisley, exuberant, stylized flowers, abstracts, all welcome revivers for the established one-colour sliver dress. For the tempted but still uncertain, the solution might be, instead, one of the marvellous new off-browns that range from coffee-bean to flax. This, too, is the colour country that produces some of the year's most handsome handbags and gloves. The way to treat them: as neutrals, never exactly on the same colour-side as shoes, always a few shades darker or lighter.

The new two-hundred-watt colours illuminate a face vividly and precisely. What's needed is a change to a livelier, more natural eye, the result of whitened shadowing in pale-greyed blues and mauves, melting greens, almost skin-toned browns; the newest of all, a luminous, transparent white liquid shadow on the lids, and with it an extra flutter of mascara. Any lining should be thread-thin, whether it's light blue, green, mauve, or darker. Eyebrows tend to be heavier, no thin-line etchings, but a well-filled-in shape, either *(Continued on page 128)*

More shopping details for the preceding colour pages:
Page 46: White doeskin-finished lambskin gloves by Wear-Right, at Bergdorf Goodman.
Accenting the pink and green contrast, Dorothy Gray's Jelly Bean Pink lipstick.
Page 47: Black kidskin gloves: Van Raalte.
Black patent leather hat by Lilly Daché.
Page 48: Gilt bracelet by Marcel Boucher, at Saks Fifth Avenue.
The lipstick, a pale pink that deepens its glow with azalea and lilac; Guerlain's Rose Pompon.
Page 49: Black jet earrings by Miriam Haskell.
Page 50: Mix of two gilt necklaces, two-strand and three-strand, by Monet, at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Chamois-coloured gloves by Kislav.
Page 51: White enamel flower with coral centre; pin by Marvella, at Lord & Taylor.

Fauve yellow

Yellow at two-hundred-watt brightness in this loose, slim coat, worn here with a soft, bloused sheath of black silk crêpe—a dense black to intensify the yellow—and a profile cloche of stitched silk surah. All by Norman Norell, the coat of French wool velours; dress of Bianchini silk crêpe. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Pink-gold lipstick blandishment, Safran by Orlane.

HORST

Time: a rainy Sunday. Operation: look-by-look rehearsal



Background: a husband preoccupied with Sunday papers

How to dress on no time

A systematic scheme for putting yourself together in minutes—based on look-by-look planning, testing, and rehearsal.

Time was when operettas and musicals doted on the dressing scene—a feminine sequence frothing with perky, skillful maids, frilled lingerie, repartee, and especially Time. Just when these vanished from the American stage nobody much cares—it was probably the first night that Mary Martin washed that man right out of her hair, on stage in a matter of minutes, that this particular nostalgia ended forever. In any case, its demise was realistic; what most women living in the present simply do not have is enough time. And time, as most of them know, can be more important to chic than money is. We're not overlooking money (its charm, admittedly, is unique). What we *are* saying is that a whole shopful of marvellous clothes will do you no good at all unless they're properly put together, look by look. To start from the skin each day, morning and evening or as many times as you change clothes, obviously would consume hours—for some women an amazing number of minutes can be devoured by sorting out the right pin, the right earring. To establish an organized look that is not a cliché may take this same scattered lot half the lifetime of a suit or dress so that its finest hours come only after a siege of relative dullness. The solution, according to some of the good fashion minds, is organized rehearsal: one big investment of time, say a rainy Sunday at the beginning of the season, during which every look is tried on and rehearsed with underpinnings, make-up, shoes, hat, handbag, gloves, *everything*—right down to the position of the pin or the twist of the necklace. Thus, instead of haste, trauma, and the mistakes that inevitably go with both, you finish with cool, masterful decisions made at leisure. You also finish, if you play this rôle to the hilt, with a number of established looks; you *know* what to wear with what, so that the process one busy woman once described to us as "clacking things on" can be done at top speed. Documented here and on the next six pages is one woman's clothes rehearsal, beginning with the rainy Sunday sequence sketched left. *(Continued on next page)*

Opposite: Advance rehearsal for dressing on no time. Under the resigned, and not too pained eye of a husband partially submerged by the newspapers, the big evening look tries out, a narrow, side-slashed dress of purpled silk. Long before any big evening party goes on the calendar, the what-wrap question should be faced. Here, a straight swath of baum marten is proved much better than a coat. Added to the look: Slender, dark-red silk evening shoes (instead of the black ones that seemed safe, if obvious, and proved frankly dull with this dress). Enormous glittered earrings; glittered ring—and no other jewels. Before this preliminary reading is over, an evening bag of brown satin will be plucked from the handbag file; the right gloves are long and beige. (Stole of blended Russian baum marten, by Reiss & Fabrizio.)

How to dress on no time *continued*

Prerequisite to successful rehearsals and subsequent dressing on no time is a certain smooth-running strategy in the matter of closets, et cetera. (If these requisites are in your case not at all pre-, perhaps the time has come to Take Things in Hand.) Most important of all is the walk-in closet with everything visible. Plastic and Lucite? Yes; what you want is convenience, not trompe l'œil. Evening dresses should hang in one space; day looks in another; suits, another; tops, skirts, and pants on individual hangers all in one line-up. Every belt ought to stay with its dress, on the same hanger. Shoes, properly equipped with shoe trees, should be racked up in plain sight or stored in see-through boxes; evening shoes naturally *require* boxes. A further time-saver that we consider almost as ingenious as the invention of the dishwasher is a panel of hooks on which to hang all the neck-laces that might otherwise be fatally entwined in a drawer—

Above and right: Putting together one look for a bastion suit of beige jersey with a short, collarless jacket, an unstrict but narrow skirt. The hat that lights up the mirror is pink, a point that makes lipstick rehearsal a sensible move since any red that verges too far into yellow tones is fatal with pink. (Orange, on the other hand, if it's the sort of orange that makes an effort, can be sensational.) Suit, by Ben Zuckerman, of French wool jersey; about $225. At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Marshall Field. Taffeta beret, by Mr. John.

Make-up rehearsal: lipstick tried on with the hat.

Suit experiment with scarf and jewels. For this look, no hat.

again there is the advantage of being able to see all of them at a coup. (More about this on the following page.) Somewhere—and unless you're extraordinarily blessed with closet space, it will probably be somewhere else—there should be a file of handbags. Each one, including and especially evening bags, should have its own clean handkerchief, comb, and latchkey; possibly a car key. The point, obvious but sound, is to pare minutes off handbag switches, especially that frenetic engagement that involves pulling out of a big all-day bag the few things you need to put into a dinner-theatre bag. . . . Of primary importance in any plan for no-time dressing is an intelligent concentration on clothes that offer some cooperation—all the packable, crush-reluctant fabrics like jersey; suits that come with their own pre-determined blouses; late-day dresses that have their own coats. . . . Equally essential is a collector's accumulation of sweaters, little non-sweater tops, and gloves. This fashion hoarding violates the first rule for other clothes; i.e., throw out, without hesitating, anything that has stayed unworn in the closet throughout six of the months when it should be wearable. *(Continued on next page)*



Right: The beige suit revisited during the same rehearsal. This time, the key to the look is the bold sash stole—black and white herringboned cotton with splurges of beige. It's looped, knotted once with one end tucked in the jacket neck, the other flipped back over a shoulder. And there's major fashion significance to be observed in the fact that no hat is worn with the scarf—"aging to have both," explained one relentless expert. On the other hand, the massive pin being contemplated here has the makings of success, although it may take a good deal of trying on and a modest amount of courage. Its best position depends partly on you. Which brings us to a warning note: putting the pin in exactly the same dramatic locale it had in a fashion photograph may be right for you or it may be dead wrong. Only you and the mirror can decide. (Scarf by Mr. John.)



How to dress on no time *continued*

The long-term collectibles are the links that make all the other clothes into looks—as you will discover the first time you settle down to a serious clothes rehearsal. Trying all the switches is, for most women, the only sure way to know the best one. It also has the happy, expansive effect of producing combinations that might not have occurred to you before; a little silk pullover top that has seemed wedded to at-home pants through the winter may suddenly shine as the best thing a black linen day skirt could hope to take up with.... Now, if all this seems too terribly well organized to bear, there's a nice note of devil-may-care rocketing over the horizon: If you plan to develop premeditated, no-time dressing to something approaching pleasure, if not art, obey some of the offbeat impulses that sweep over you in the shops. When you see, for instance, a strange, magnificent scarf like the one shown a page back, think less in terms of "Do I need it this minute" and more in terms of "It's right, it's wonderful, I know I'll wear it and love it." This theory is based on the sound premise that most women who have even a reserved interest in clothes know fashion greatness *(Continued on next page)*

Left and right: Navy-blue cashmere sweater-jacket shown in two of its many clothes lives. Left, on the country-day-wave, its special brand of brass-buttoned chic puts the moxie on a deep-pleated skirt of navy-blue and white checked worsted. With a bright twirl of scarf in the collarless neckline, only the handbag-and-gloves decision remains. Note the low-heeled shoes and the fact that this look could take some phases of city living in stride—say, neighbourhood shopping or collecting the children. (Skirt by Sloat. $30, at Lord & Taylor.) At the right, the same jaunty sweater has had its talents turned to a day look that's definitely city—knitted dress of camel-coloured wool with the special dash that a "wild necklace" sets up. The which-necklace decision implemented, of course, by the row of hooks inside the closet door. (Sweater, of double-ply cashmere, by Ballantyne. $50. The dress, an uncomplicated sheath, by Kimberly; $60. Both at Lord & Taylor.)

One versatile sweater, country-aptitude.

Same sweater,
city-aptitude
with jewels.





How to dress on no time

continued

when they encounter it. To resist it leads, in our opinion, to squandering time, money, and the sort of good cheer that is supposed to enhance the looks you were born with. . . . When it comes to enhancing looks, our word is: clothes need an occasional lift, too. And the alterations checkpoints to watch with special care at the moment are: Hemlines, particularly coat hemlines; nothing is dowdier than the fur coat that hasn't been shortened to coincide with shorter skirts. Same thinking applies to raincoats. And the fashion for overblouses does not mean that the waistbands of skirts are unimportant; they need to fit properly or the effect is more than a little unfortunate, either pinched and dented, or sloppy. Creepers, those little belt loops, are too creepy to keep; scissor them off neatly. . . . By this time we can only assume that you have ticked off these ground rules in terms of your own clothes, where you wear them, and how you like to live—or at any rate how you do live. A full clothes rehearsal, we hope, is blazoned on your calendar for the first open interval in the next week. When you've established each look, detail by detail, there is just one final thundering maxim to bear in mind: the effect of rote is aging; stick to your tested formula for a time; then change at least one element completely before the look becomes a cliché. Only Bea Lillie should cling to the rope of pearls forever.

Left: Perfecting a look for little dinners at home, setting every move in advance, is probably the best hostess-tranquillizer of all time. The elements in play here are a mustard-coloured chiffon skirt, a little black cashmere T-shirt, and—eventually—a telling shoe; the final choice is likely to be burnt-brown silk pumps. (Pringle sweater; $24, Bonwit Teller.)
Right: The summit attained—no-time dressing running so smoothly that even lickety-split husband-type dressing can't match the time it takes. Part of the strategy in this dinner-theatre plan is having a dress and coat that were born for each other: raspberry-coloured cotton ottoman coat; dress of raspberry printed chiffon, swirly in the skirt, with a soft cowled neck. By the Arkins. About $100. At Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Neusteters.

Little dinner parties at home: which shoe?

Test-run: night look for black-tie evenings, bright pink coat,



raspberry-printed dress— achieved in better-than-husband time.


Black with
everything–
but sleeves
KAREN RADKAI

Far left: Little-evening black with a beautiful new figure—supple and willowy, and voluminously bloused. (Being a friend to everybody isn't the idea here at all; an equivalent willowiness on the part of the wearer is more essential to success here, than even the long gloves and glitter.) Dress, by Ben Reig, of silk crêpe; about $200. At Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. *Left:* Cowled black crêpe dress with overblouse effects, and little-evening references—long gloves, shimmery earrings, a voting-age kind of hair bow. By Herbert Sondheim, of Chardon-Marché silk crêpe; about $110. Schreiner earrings. Viola Weinberger gloves. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Dress: Rich's; Himelhoch's; Famous-Barr.

Black with everything– but sleeves

continued



Left: Black with, among other charms, white—which is about as deathless a formula as exists in fashion. The hip-long overblouse is buttoned and sashed; the skirt is slim in the unaggressive way that skirts are now; and the time, late-day—and later. Two-piece dress, by Hannah Troy, of Couture silk crêpe; about $70. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Wm. H. Block; Sakowitz. *Right:* Long rangy overblouse and skirt—the kind of bone-simple black crêpe that can carry off ribbons as though they were honours. And does. By Larry Aldrich in Onondaga crêpe of Celanese acetate and Avisco rayon; about $90. At Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Blum's, Chicago. Nick Parker shoes. Both pages: gloves by Dawnelle.

KAREN RADKAI

MY UNCLE—ROMANTIC

My great-uncle, although in his later years a respected member of society, which is to say he had money, was in his youth a forger of paintings.

And he might have remained one except for what my grandmother, his sister, called: "The unfortunate circumstance." He wasn't very good at it.

There were art experts those days—1907-1908. Berenson was operating, and, of course, there were others, but even a not very expert expert could tell at a glance that my great-uncle's efforts were fakes. No matter how carefully he scraped an old canvas, no matter how cagily he copied a design of, shall we say, Palma Vecchio, no matter how painstakingly he rubbed it with dirt and covered it with layers of yellow varnish, baked and cracked it in an oven, framed it in a really old frame, something was the matter. The innocent *amateur* millionaires of the period were not allowed by their advisors to buy. My great-uncle thus missed the big money.

Which is not to say that he never sold a picture. He had to if he were to stay in Rome.

His father, my great-grandfather—how the generations multiply—a respectable merchant of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was opposed to his son's studying painting in a foreign country. So he sent him very little money. I don't know what "very little money" was in those days, but I suspect it wasn't much.

My grandmother helped out. On her wedding trip to Europe in 1907, she and my grandfather spent a month in Rome, and she found out everything my great-uncle was up to. She was, I am surprised to say, delighted. Forgery. I suppose it seemed a romantic occupation, certainly it was one she had never run into in the drawing rooms of Front Street.

She helped out as she could. She was a Pennsylvanian. The great Pittsburgh coal and steel fortunes—the Frick, the Carnegie, the Mellon—were, as I said, guarded strictly by the House of Duveen. But the little fortunes, the satellite millionaires, the tycoons of coke and cold drawn steel: well, in them there were possibilities. Italian paintings were suddenly very well thought of west of the Alleghenies. And if Henry Frick could have one, so could Henry Jones. But the prices! You could buy a Bessemer converter for what Andy Mellon paid for just one canvas.

Here was where my grandmother came in. She had been to school with the daughters of some of these acquisitive despots and she was able—to use her phrase—to put a bug in their ears.

She ran down, I am afraid I must say, the sainted Joseph Duveen. What he did, she implied, was buy for a penny and sell for a half million dollars. But in Italy, she said, there were still plenty of pictures Joseph had not yet got his hands on. Now if you could just find someone to help you, you could buy a painting, not for a penny, of course, but for a fraction of what Joseph would charge you. It so happened that her brother who was himself an excellent artist, and consequently *knew*, had unearthed several *extremely* interesting things. Of course, he hadn't the money to buy them himself, but for any friend of his sister's, well—arrangements *could* be made. Now this was his address . . . and so on and so on and so on.

My great-uncle sold, I will not say many paintings, but some. I think it is likely that if you searched a few of the more elaborate attics of Squirrel Hill and Sewickley, you would find in dusty corners fifteen or twenty Bronzinos or Parmigianinos or Luinis or Tintorettos which date from 1910.

So my great-uncle existed.

He had an apartment in one of the minor Borghese Palaces, on the Piazza Nicosia, looking over the Tiber. I know it well. There is a Fiat agency on the ground floor now, but above, it is still pure Renaissance—I wanted to live there last year but could not afford it.

It is hard to imagine what it was like to have lived in New York in 1910—there is nothing left to imagine with—but in Rome it is easy. I used to follow my great-uncle around, last year, touching the stones he touched, breathing the air he breathed, eating the same food—ah, the white truffles—and seeing the same girls.

Those girls. They were his downfall; at least one of them was. My grandmother told me she was the daughter of a butcher whose brother was in the *caribinieri*. My great-uncle always said she was a *contessa* with a jealous husband. No matter, in the spring of 1911, my great-uncle, on extremely short notice, left Rome and went to Paris.

Do I make him out a bad man, my great-uncle—a forger, a lecher? He was not. When I knew him—long later—he was my favourite relative: thin, with a thin nose and streaks of white in his black hair; rich, so important in an uncle; and full of unorthodox and suspect advice on how a seventeen-year-old should expend his time. There was a moment I was collecting first editions—God, what postures one assumes—and he gave me copy number 204 of Eliot's *Waste Land*. I have it yet.

* * *

Paris was a problem. My great-uncle still had some money—be sure that however precipitous his exit from Rome, he took every cent he had with him—but the opportunities were different. Paris was a city of light. Bright light, sunlight. A copied Giorgione looked much more doubtful in Paris than it had in Rome—or probably even Pittsburgh. My great-uncle had to adjust. The question was, how?

At this moment a perhaps lucky thing happened. A rich young man named Edward Milton arrived in Paris with an introduction from my grandmother. I think she meant him no harm; I know she didn't, they remained lifelong friends, and besides, he was not interested in old masters.

No. Edward Milton was one of that peculiar band of Americans who liked modern art. I will not try to explain him, I will only envy him; he picked up, in just a few months, and for just a few dollars, enough examples of the School of Paris to keep his descendants in comfort for a hundred years. I am not exaggerating; think of Barnes, think of Arensberg—to name but two. Anyway, my great-uncle quickly attached him-

FORGER OF PAINTINGS

A STORY BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

self to Edward Milton. They made the rounds of the modern galleries together, and my uncle saw things he had never seen before. Braque, Matisse, Gauguin, Dufy; his eyes were opened. It was a new world.

But I am afraid I must say it was not a pleasant world for my uncle. He thought, on the whole, that these new painters were dreadful. Cubism, Fauvism: they were a denial of everything he loved and felt—and could sell.

Except, and here is the lucky thing, for one man—Renoir. Here was a respectable painter. His pictures were beautiful, they were understandable, they brought quite decent prices, and they looked as if, just possibly, they might be copied. My uncle began to look carefully at Renoir.

One thing I am afraid I have not made clear. My great-uncle wished, wholeheartedly, to be a painter in his own right. Forgery was not his ambition, it was his way of living, just as nowadays young painters turn out endless pseudo Utrillos of Paris streets and then with their stomachs satisfied return to their own abstractions. All those years of struggle in Rome had had but one purpose: to teach him how to become a serious painter.

Well. Renoir was not as easy as he had looked at first. There was a certain difficulty in marrying those pinks and blues until they produced the effect desired. But my great-uncle worked and worked, and just about the time his Roman money ran out, he produced something salable—a vase of peonies. He was delighted. For he knew that if he could once get the knack of Renoir, he would have easy sailing; he would not need old canvases or old frames or time for baking and aging; the same canvases and paint that were used by Renoir could be used by him. And there was another thing that was apparent to my great-uncle: Renoir was nothing if not banal—a vase of flowers, some oranges on a table, a girl with her foot in the water, a little patch of garden, these were his subjects. Anyone could think of them.

There was only one factor that my great-uncle did not think of—dealers. In Rome, Piero della Francesca had no dealer, nor had Titian or Guardi or Bellini, but in Paris Renoir had a dealer, and a jealous one.

But for a while things went well. My great-uncle sold to dark little faceless men who asked no questions, and who had connections in Oslo and Chicago and Bern. He made, however, very little money, for he was the bottom rung, the mere primary supplier; it was the horde of middle men on the ladder and the perhaps innocent reputable seller at the top who really profited. So my great-uncle had to paint a very large number of Renoirs just to keep alive.

And perhaps that was the reason the ladder toppled. My great-uncle never was sure exactly what happened: who had made the first misstep, who had talked, who had informed, who had complained. But that didn't matter really, what did matter was that one day my great-uncle sold—and for marked bills—his latest Renoir still life to an agent of the Paris *Sûreté*. Well, imagine. The outcome of such an act was not hard to predict. For not only was Renoir alive and well, he was at that moment staying with friends in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, just a few miles away. And he could tell one picture from another, no one had any doubt of that. It was a dark day indeed for my great-uncle.

It was then that Renoir made his extremely mysterious gesture. (You must have read of it—it appears in almost any book on Renoir.) He was shown the picture, he saw what it was, but instead of immediately denouncing it, he began to ask questions about the artist.

He was told all that was known—the truth—that my great-uncle was a penniless American painting in Paris.

What got into the old man? I can do nothing but speculate. He was then seventy-one, secure, a master—perhaps he didn't care? That doesn't seem likely, artists are generally jealous of their work—I saw a letter from Matisse when he was eighty denouncing in violent language a forgery of his work.

Could Renoir in some strange way have been flattered? Did he already suspect that his painting was a dead end, that he had founded no school, attracted no followers? Was he beginning to understand that Cézanne—that other painter—was having the most profound effect on European art of anyone since Giotto? And that he . . .?

Or was he merely having a joke on his zealous dealer, and the police? Or was he perhaps just kind? Who knows.

In any case he took the picture, laid out his brushes and began to paint over it.

The subject was usual enough: a coffeepot, a cup and saucer, some folds of cloth, two lemons, and a knife. But the thing to remember about Renoir is this: if his subjects were banal, they were painted with genius. Renoir transformed that coffeepot and those lemons—or rather *that* lemon, for he painted one of them out—into a masterpiece.

And then—oh, I hope his laughter was as loud as I can hear it—he returned the picture to the agent of the *Sûreté* and told him to return it to my great-uncle. He said, and quite truthfully, that it was indeed a Renoir.

When, with a grudging apology from the police, my great-uncle's property was returned to him, he was not more relieved than he was amazed. Well, think.

Thunderstruck. He put the painting on an easel and stared at it for an hour. Possibly no artist has ever been taught such a lesson.

At last he did the only thing it was possible for him to do. He picked up a brush and in the lower right hand corner he signed his own name.

It was his final act of painting. He never again touched a canvas, after that moment. Quite soon he returned to America, and in a few months went to Detroit where he got into the advertising business. It was in that that he made his money.

When my great-uncle died he left the painting to me. I used to have it in my living room, but it was too much of a strain on my art-loving friends to appreciate a Renoir signed by my great-uncle. Now I have it in my bedroom where every morning when I wake up I can see it.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The number of new African states and their new power in the United Nations. . . . The overdeveloped and curious use by literary critics of the word charism, which means a special divine or spiritual gift. . . . Welsh corgis, black, white, and amber ones. . . . The rocking song, "Calendar Girl," which seems to calm the nerves of ten-year-olds. . . . The two superb collections of paintings lent by The Philadelphia Museum of Art to The Guggenheim Museum, where the A. E. Gallatin Collection now hangs in cool, ordered beauty, the Arensberg Collection in more feverish beauty, the paintings once so controversial, now quiet in age.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The good television thriller program, "Checkmate," in which three bright men: stumpy, bearded Sebastian Cabot, blond, handsome Doug McClure, and dark, wiry Anthony George, weekly prevent one important murder, although they usually leave a few corpses around. . . . In London, the new expensive flats at St. James's Place, rich in simplicity and in space. . . . The boy in the playground who called out to a six-year-old, "You're just a dirty little riot."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Blue Note, a naturally dark Paris night club where the big jazz men meet to play and the young buffs to listen. . . . *The Man-Eater of Malgudi*, a knock-out novel by R. K. Narayan who in his relaxed way lets his plot wander through the extraordinary adventures of a mild apparently naïf printer, who tries to tout his customers off his own inefficient shop to his neighbour's, and who gets taken over by a wild, amusing, corrupt, horrifying taxidermist. . . . George Grizzard, a young, slight actor, who weighs in, in *Big Fish, Little Fish*, with ferocious force.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The special exhibition of paintings and sculpture owned by fourteen writers and artists at the Otto Gerson Gallery; Francis Steegmuller has lent a Jacques Villon; Marcel Breuer, paintings by Paul Klee; Jacques Lipchitz, a Soutine; Stanley Kunitz, works by Rothko, Tworkov, and Tobey. . . . Susannah York who has a swinging length of pale hair, a rather Garbo voice, and a young appeal, especially in two movies, *Tunes of Glory* and *The Greengage Summer*. . . . *An Only Child*, part of the autobiography of Frank O'Connor, who ends his book with an extraordinary account of his Handy Andy experiences with the Irish Army, his meetings in the field with the great romantic figure, Erskine Childers, a distinguished, "elderly, sick, absent-minded" British officer who threw in with the Irish Republican Army and was executed by an Irish Free State firing squad for possessing a little toy pistol that he "fixed to his braces by a safety pin," and wore over his heart.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING MICHEÁL MAC LIAMMÓIR

SKETCHED AS OSCAR WILDE, BY FELIKS TOPOLSKI

In *The Importance of Being Oscar*, the brogue-brushed voice of Ireland's great, shaggy-haired Micheál Mac Liammóir and the brittle mastery of Ireland's great Oscar Wilde make a stirring team; on Broadway now, Mac Liammóir delivers his solo performance before touring some hundred cities in this country. A playwright as well as an actor, once described by Orson Welles as one "who does really look a bit like something Beardsley would have drawn if they'd taken away his pencil-sharpener," Mac Liammóir knits together Wilde poetry and prose with his own tender, touching, teasing commentary. From Wilde's marvellous swaggery in London as the most loved, most playful playwright of his time, to his desperate finale in Paris, Mac Liammóir traces Wilde's descent—"I went down . . . to the sound of flutes." Mac Liammóir and the show's director, Hilton Edwards, both of whom have spent over thirty years developing the Dublin Gate Theatre, decided that the three Wilde trials had been overexposed, took care of *them* during the show's one intermission with this programme note: "The Trials of Oscar Wilde may be supposed to take place during the interval." Among the Wildean pleasures Mac Liammóir presents is a letter Wilde sent home seventy-nine years ago, about his American lecture tour and a banquet with some miners—"whiskey for first course, whiskey for second course, whiskey for third course." Now in *The Importance of Being Oscar* there is brilliance for first course, brilliance for second course, brilliance for third course.





CAMELOT'S

walking ladies in waiting, a wild and beautiful flush of colour; with page boy and gentleman dancer. For more on "Camelot," see page 121.

PENN



New ideas for sweater collectors

Easiest way to tell a now-sweater from a then-sweater: the thens are often worn tucked into skirts, and almost always tapered; the nows are never tucked in, never tapered (oh well, to be absolutely accurate, the new sweaters do, as a rule, have a jot of indentation towards the lower edge. But it's a very subtle kind of jot, really more of a structural device to keep the sweater from getting into a flap around the hips. What counts is the way these sweaters look, and they look shift-y and young and straight as a die). 1961 sweaters have, in fact, a great deal in common with 1961 suit-jackets with which, incidentally, one captivating batch of them seems destined to spend some of its finest hours. One of the first sweaters that comes to mind in this context is a sleeveless, boat-necked black cashmere pull-over with a sash, worn—on page 60—with a long silk skirt. The suit-plans we have for this involve creamy oatmeal tweed, with an aloof curve of jacket, and a front-gathered skirt that hangs squarely from its waistband.

There are around, too, a couple of knockout versions of the classic short-sleeved pull-over that break with tradition not only in the matter of shape (no tapering, remember, even the sleeves are straight), but of ribbing—not a nip of it. Necklines of these little-sweater nothings are round, oval, or lightly cowled (all of its fashion-life an off-green suit might have been waiting for just such a sweater to come along in, say, shocking-pink cashmere). Possibly the littlest little-nothing sweater we've seen is a silky, flat-surfaced tobacco-brown, with a crew neck, no sleeves, and if you own—or plan to own—a suit that's anywhere near being a white suit, this look could be its life.

By no means every under-suit sweater is a "little" sweater: some of the most persuasive we know have below-elbow sleeves and wide, languid turtle-neck collars. These have a way of turning up in silk, or in man-made fibres with a silky way about them, and their métier, naturally, is the jacket (or coat) that doesn't have a collar of its own. Some of the combinations that reach us: yellow turtle-neck spilling over collarless curry brown, orange with beige, navy blue with a brilliant bean-green, a black sweater with almost any clear-sailing colour. Before we leave the suit-sweaters, one word about how new and dashing sweaters that button look when they're worn under jackets that don't—but only when they're this-year vintage, straight-edged, shorter sleeved than before, hipbone length; and only when the jackets are totally without buttons, not simply worn open.

As for the sweaters that have nothing to do with suits, the first one on our list, as it happens, is something of a suit-jacket itself. One example—navy-blue cashmere, double-thick and buttoned in brass—is shown on page 59 with a camel-coloured wool dress. But why stop there? What about a skirt of pleated white crêpe, or bright green jersey, or any of the not-quite-brown kinds of brown? Also in this genre: sweater-jackets in wonderful prints which haven't been seen around before (are seen, for a start, at left), sweaters with shirtish collars, with patch pockets, or with pull-overs of their own. If this last sounds suspiciously like a sweater set, let us set your mind at ease immediately. They are, indeed, sets but not as you've known them. One of our favourites, for instance, comes in a firm, bubbly grey wool, and consists of a sleeveless, slash-necked, square-rigged pull-over, over which goes a scrupulously tailored cardigan with cropped jacket-sleeves (which sounds—and is—quite Chanel in effect).

Summer, which is coming eventually, brings us to a whole other sweater-thing—a pretty terrific thing, at that. The idea is that over summer pants and shorts and culottes, which are usually fairly narrow, at least through the hips, the most satisfying look is definitely on the non-narrow side. So? So: big, hefty-looking pull-overs and cardigans which, on closer observation, turn out to be scarcely weightier than mosquito netting. A marvellously bulky, string-coloured cardigan, for instance, is secretly cotton, knitted with great open-air stitches. Nor is this substance-without-weight idea limited to cotton: one of our favourite summer sweaters is a white-dashed tweedy coral wool that feels as light and airy as those carriage shawls that babies cry for in the summer. Not big—except in a news sense—the prevalence right now of halter-shaped sweaters, of sweaters with one shoulder bared, and not necessarily to the sun—given a pair of bright silk culottes, these sweaters have a claim staked out in any at-home evening plan you care to name.

The printed sweater—straight news

One of the first of the species:
Liberty-printed cashmere jacket—
limy greens on white—
with the length (hipbone)
and the shape (straight) that's
present sweater-tense now.
It's worn here with the additional
news of white stretch pants with
a tapestry weave. Braemar sweater
in Liberty of London print;
about $50. Pantino stretch pants
of acetate and cotton; $18.
Both: Peck & Peck. Sweater also:
Neiman-Marcus. Castlecliff ring.
Corals in the lime grove:
Sun Bronze Coral lipstick and
nail polish by Charles of the Ritz.
Coiffure by Enrico Caruso.

PALUMBO

Paris Copies

—quick and wonderful, ready now across the country

Along with spring, another perennial pleasure is appearing again. Almost before the applause from the Paris Openings has died away, the Paris copies are appearing—fresh and faithful versions of many of the most-acclaimed clothes that were shown in the Collections. In other words: accurate, beautifully-made Paris copies are ready right now, and some are reported on in the next 16 pages—our photographs and sketches were made from the original models, in Paris. As in previous years, some of the American-Paris clothes are replicas, custom-made in the original fabric; others (and that is true of most of those shown on these pages) are copied by ready-to-wear makers, and can be tried on, bought, and worn immediately.

Many well-dressed American women invest, happily, in both kinds. The main point, the joy of it all, is this—in an especially satisfying Paris fashion-year, the Paris idea is attainable here and now, quickly and pleasurably, in the shape of Paris copies.

The Chanel suit—new closer figuring.

This year, in Chanel's new collection, some of her famous suits turned up looking, not less Chanel-ish, but subtly different—more shaped, less casual, narrower and closer to the body; often, buttoned. Example, here: a suit in pale-beige Honan silk with a lightly-fitted, four-pocketed jacket, neatly buttoned; the skirt has stitched seams down the front to give an easy, throwaway flare. This suit, one of the hits of Chanel's new collection, wore, as did many others, the Chanel gold-chain signature. Imported by and copied at Saks Fifth Avenue. Cartier bird clock. Leleu table.



HENRY CLARKE





Paris Copies: Dior thoughts on blousing



Beautiful thinking on blousing, put into action in these American copies. *Left:* Double feature success in Paris, both crêpe and blousing, here in Dior's two-piece white dress, slinkily sashed at the hips. Imported by and copied for Lord & Taylor. Copies also at Hutzler's; Harzfeld's; I. Magnin. Original imported by Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Below:* Blousing in a sleeveless jacket of blue linen over its matching bare-back sun dress. Dior teamed it with a big hat of white and blue linen. Dress and jacket imported by and copied in grainy silk for Lord & Taylor. Copy, also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Original imported by Holt Renfrew of Canada. *Right:* Blousing under a jacket—in the mossiest green shantung blouse, deeper than the pistachio wool suit. The jacket has a yoked back and belt; both skirt and jacket show the stitched margins Dior likes to keep this year. With the suit, the Paris mannequin wore a green straw beret, narcissus clipped to its side. Suit, copied by Zelinka Matlick in an American wool, at Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Original imported by Nan Duskin; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Both pages, shoes, Roger Vivier for Dior. Gloves by Kislav.

HENRY CLARKE



Paris Copies–
the green
and pink
persuasion

Dior's overblouse suit.
Far left, blousing that breaks over
a low-slung, narrow belt,
looped once around a sprig
of lilies of the valley.
The skirt is side-wrapped, low-flaring.
Suit, in pale, leaf-green wool crêpe;
imported by and copied in
American worsted crêpe
for Saks Fifth Avenue. Copies, also at
Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz.

Dior's slow curve, back buttoning.
Centre, left, a sleeveless overblouse,
gently curving at the back, buttoned
in back of one shoulder and one hip;
over a flared skirt. Nile-green linen,
seamed and stitched with
green silk in a stripy effect.
To order at I. Magnin.

Lanvin Castillo's baseball seaming.
Right, on a delicious pink cloud of a
coat, the curved, sloping shoulders
are outlined in silk stitching.
The coat, of pale-pink wool, is slightly
fitted in front, arched away from the
body at back, with a small rollaway
collar, plate-sized pink buttons.
Copied in America by Jablow
for Saks Fifth Avenue.
Copies, at Woodward & Lothrop;
Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres;
Frederick & Nelson.



Hervé Dubly





Paris Copies—wools in cream



Side-graped suit at Cardin.
Above left, a white nubby wool suit, buttoned by a bunch of white grapes. The chiffon overblouse and lining, printed in grape-colours—mauves, greens. Copied by Frank Gallant for Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Original imported by Marshall Field.

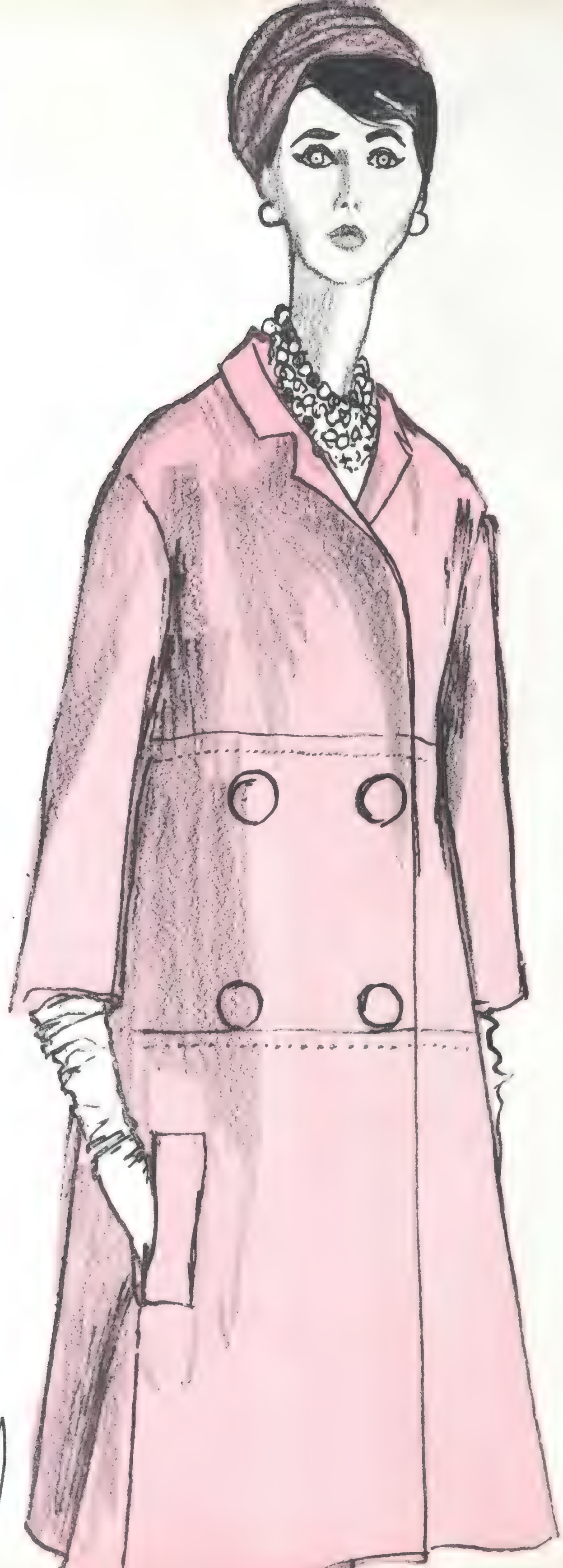
Coat on new rounds; Goma.
Above right, a white wool coat with round sleeves and shoulders, recessed-filter neck. At mid-front: a bow. Copied by Frechtel for Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

In the blousing column; Grès.
Left, a slender dress of cream wool with deep blousing that folds into sleeves, canoe neck, suède belt. To order at I. Magnin. Original imported by Nan Duskin.

The cream of coats; Grès.
At right, a wonderful coat of deep-cream wool tweed, entirely bias-cut to a mantle-shape—tapered at the sides, flat at front and back. To order at I. Magnin. Original imported by Nan Duskin.

HENRY CLARKE





Paris Copies– three ways Dior sees the coat

Dior coats, curved or flared, are effortless, with some of the easiest chic going. They might almost be dresses, they look so light-hearted; here in the new Paris colour loves, herb garden greens and sharp pink.
Far left: Dior's coat curve, a subtle arc down the back from narrow shoulders. This, bright parsley-green wool, the front divided to simulate a little button-down flap jacket and skirt. Copied in America, by Frank Gallant for Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.
Original imported by Holt Renfrew of Canada.
Centre: The stripling coat, slender and pared to the hips, where it begins to flare sinuously.
Tea-green wool, it was shown over its own bloused dress with a green and blue wheeled hat. Imported by and copied for Saks Fifth Avenue; copies also at Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson.
Near left: A fuller, softer flare with low pockets in the skirt. The three gradually widening bands achieve its shape. This, in pink rough silk, Dior showed with a brown straw turban. Copied in American wool by Zelinka Matlick; at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Original imported by Holt Renfrew of Canada.

Hervé Dubly

Paris Copies—
new character for dots

Ricci: stemmy costume.
Left, a long, narrow jacket
over a short-sleeved, limber,
bone-simple dress, lean where
it glides past the hips;
with Ricci's low-pitched,
sure-flare skirt. The jacket
drops straight as a plumb line
to the flare-point, ties
one-sidedly at the shoulder.
Black dots on beige silk.
Copy in America by Blauner;
at Bonwit Teller; Hudson's;
Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.
Lanvin Castillo allure.
Right, an unstrict narrowness
of silk surah. with
Castillo's nonstop shoulders —
here, a matter of deep,
cropped-off kimono sleeves.
The bodice blouses in front
above an obi sash:
the skirt is soft and curvy.
White, splotch-dotted in black
and navy blue. Copy in America
by Abe Schrader, in black and
white, for Saks Fifth Avenue.
Copies also: Wm. H. Block;
Frost Bros.:
Frederick & Nelson.
Both pages: gloves by Kislav.



HENRY CLARKE





Paris Copies– surprise moves in the suit-life

Apple-polished panel: Cardin.
Left, a red wool dress with
sleeveless top that wraps to
a float-away slanted panel at back,
pinned by a lacquered red apple.
The skirt is gathered slightly
at the waist.
Copies in America
at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.
Dior's morning suit.
Above, this year's "Bobby" suit
of navy-blue worsted with a
cutaway jacket, worn unbuttoned
to show a blousy blouse of
white chiffon, a bow-tied grosgrain
belt. Hat of pink Swiss braid,
wrapped in navy-blue maline.
Suit copied by Frank Gallant for
Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel.
Original imported by
Holt Renfrew of Canada.
Double cutaway by Dior.
Below, a double-breasted
cutaway suit of bright red wool.
The skirt, part of a two-piece
dress, flares. Navy-blue roller hat,
faced with red and green beads.
Suit copied by Leonard Arkin
in grainy silk, for
Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's.
Original imported by
Holt Renfrew of Canada.

HENRY CLARKE



Paris Copies— three new French films



Grès slanted chiffon,
left—moving subtly, gracefully, in a short evening dress, navy-blue, white-dotted with one-shoulder coverage and a gauzy, spirally panel that takes flight from the bodice. Figure curves present and accounted for here. Imported by and copied for Saks Fifth Avenue; copy also at Julius Garfinckel.

Dior's fluted chiffon,
left, below—bloused softly—and characteristically—above a dipped waistline; the rippling skirt is hemmed with satin ribbon. In navy blue, under the auspices of a sheer little cardigan jacket and a pillbox that carbon-copy the dress-colour. Imported by and copied for Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus. Original imported by I. Magnin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

Dior's firm little crêpe dress,
right, with soft, fold-over blousing; to wear—as he showed it—with a gauzy coat.
The coat, a cobweb cardigan, is black, wonderful for a summer evening: nylon net, skimmed over with point d'esprit veiling.
Dress, imported by and copied (in faille) for Lord & Taylor; copies also at Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Original dress imported by Nan Duskin; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

HENRY CLARKE





Paris Copies—little-evening phase

Blue jeans at Dior.
Left, little-evening dress
that flurried the
transatlantic wires.
Bohan-ized jeans, with a
jean-like way of
sitting firmly on the hips;
the new Dior way of
blousing deeply, flaring low.
Of silk organza riveted
with rhinestones. The colour—
what else—blue-jeans blue.
Original imported by
Holt Renfrew of Canada.
Open allure at Ricci.
Right, navy-blue slink of a
dress, lightly fitted
and quite stark in front;
at back—see for yourself.
(The French have a word for it;
in the programme, it was listed
simply—and sufficiently—as
"Tout va.") Imported by and
copied for Lord & Taylor.
Copy also at I. Magnin.
Shoes, by Charles Jourdan.

HENRY CLARKE





COLL. GEORGE EASTMAN HOUSE

FAMILY DAGUERREOTYPE

Young woman holding a whole plate daguerreotype; false leather case with lining of red velvet.

"IN DAGUERREOTYPES WE BEAT THE WORLD," SAID HORACE GREELEY.

SOME NOTES BY BEAUMONT NEWHALL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *These excerpts and the seven daguerreotypes here are from the forthcoming Duell, Sloan & Pearce book,* The Daguerreotype in America *by Beaumont Newhall, the distinguished authority on photography, director of George Eastman House, who has filled his extraordinary book with his special researches and with eighty-three daguerreotypes.*

Photography first came to America in 1839 in the form of the daguerreotype. In galleries all over the country silvered copper plates were polished mirror bright, fumed straw-yellow and rose-red with vapours of iodine, chlorine, and bromine, exposed in bulky wooden cameras, developed over heated mercury, fixed, gilded, washed, and fitted like jewels in cases. Thousands earned their livelihoods with Daguerre's invention; hundreds of thousands of Americans, rich and poor, famous and unknown, proud and meek, young and old, faced the mesmeric lens of the daguerreotypist's camera for the eternity of twenty to forty seconds of immobility.

A good daguerreotype has qualities that no other photographic process has yet rivalled. It is sharp, yet not brittle; brilliant, yet not harsh; detailed, yet not cluttered. A daguerreotype is honest, for it could not be retouched. "There is, at least, no flattery in my humble line of art," said the daguerreotypist-hero of Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables.* From the daguerreotypes we can see the past more vividly perhaps than the future can see us. To Oliver Wendell Holmes the daguerreotype was the very mirror of nature, endowed with the magic power of memory.

More daguerreotypes have survived than would be imagined. Fortunately the process is relatively permanent. In their velvet-lined cases daguerreotypes are precious objects, which no one wants to throw carelessly away. In spite of the fact that many were melted down for their silver, and many *(Continued on page 118)*



COLL. AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY, WORCESTER

CITY MARSHAL OF WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, WITH PRISONER

About 1850, Moses Chapin took this daguerreotype of Frederick Warren.



COLL. NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OLD CAESAR, LAST SLAVE OWNED IN NEW YORK STATE

Freed in 1808, Caesar posed for this portrait in 1851, a year before he died, aged 114.



COLL. BOSTON ATHENAEUM

JOHN BROWN, ABOLITIONIST

John Adams Whipple and James Wallace Black took this portrait in Boston in the winter of 1856-57.



COLL. HOLMAN'S PRINT SHOP, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

OPERATING ROOM, MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL HOSPITAL

An 1850 reconstruction, by the famous daguerreotypist Josiah J. Hawes, of the historic demonstration in Boston of ether anaesthesia by Dr. Morton.



COLL. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

GIRLS' SCHOOL

About 1855, Southworth and Hawes took this daguerreotype of a Boston school.



COLL. ANSEL ADAMS

SLEEPING BABY

This enchantment was taken about 1850 by Southworth and Hawes in their Boston studio where they photographed, among others (slightly older), Daniel Webster, Lola Montez, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Brighter now:
the unflagging
jersey suit

On these four pages: the whizz of jersey suits—light, bright little suits that are ready to spring into almost any situation, any time of year; for them, no fashion-wicket is sticky. *Left:* Two parts mustard, and all dash—a back-dipped jacket, slim skirt, in mustard-yellow wool jersey; white piqué blouse, deeply collared. By Toni Owen. Jacket, about $20; skirt, about $14; blouse, about $12. At Altman's; Hutzler's; Bramson's. *Right:* Robin-red jersey suit, all set to liven up a country weekend, a city daytime—any city on the map. Loose, round-collared jacket with horseshoe pockets, gilt buttons; easy skirt. We added the white blouse. Suit, by Ben Zuckerman, in French worsted jersey; about $225. Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.



Dagmar

The unflagging jersey suit *continued*



Left: The jersey suit at its youngest, and brightest—here, in magenta-pink, a new dazzler now. Brief, collarless jacket, over which falls the collar of a white blouse; skirt, stitched down to the hips, then pleated. Jacket and skirt of knitted wool, by Butte Knitting Mills; blouse of Courtaulds' rayon (Cohama fabric). Costume by Modern Juniors; about $45. Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Famous-Barr. *Right:* Buoyant little suit in lime-green jersey that could travel to Timbuktu and still look fresh as—well, as a fresh lime. The jacket has seaming instead of a collar, a swing of fullness at the back; the skirt is trouser-pleated, easy-moving. By Marquise, in doubled worsted jersey; about $185. At Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin.

"I THINK I'M LOSING MY— WHAT'S THAT THING YOU THINK WITH?"

BY ELINOR GOULDING SMITH

Somewhere around forty you start to lose your mind, along with your gloves, your cigarettes, your stockings, and your eyeglasses. The first symptom is that well-known names escape you.

"Who was that man?" you say. "Oh, you know the one I mean. Darn. His name is on the tip of my tongue. *You* know. The one with the beard who wrote *Hamlet*."

Then simple common nouns start to go. You can remember forty thousand English words, lots of them with more than one syllable, but the one you just happen to need at that very moment has disappeared.

"What do you call that thing?" you say. "Oh, I know what it is, but I just can't think of what you call it. It's a little plastic thing with bristles on one end, everybody's got one—oh, I know, a toothbrush!"

The trouble is that although you are totally unable to remember the name of Leonardo da Vinci, let's say, you can easily, with maddening erudition, remember Cimabue, Giotto, Crivelli, Masaccio, Caravaggio, and dozens of others, long since forgotten, come flooding back into your confused brain. It's only the one you *want* that's gone.

Naturally, you like to conceal this little defect as much as possible (along with a few others such as that you can no longer see to scramble an egg without your eyeglasses) so you take to little circumlocutions.

Let's say, for instance, you're trying to say, "Remember that marvellous Hotel Millburn in Washington?" and of course you can't remember either Millburn *or* Washington. (You can easily remember the Gribben in Chillicothe, though.) If you're past forty, what you say is, "Remember that marvellous hotel with the balcony and the elevator man who made jokes in that lovely city laid out by Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant?"

The only trouble with this is that although you may effectively conceal from somebody else the fact that you can't remember the name of the hotel, or the name of Washington, D.C., it drives *you* crazy.

All night long you toss and turn, sleepless and miserable, wondering what in the world *is* the name of that damned city.

You can see it in your mind, with its lovely broad avenues, its monuments, its river, its marble buildings, and you can remember every detail of your stay there, even to the griddlecakes you had for breakfast the second morning.

"Let me see, now," you say to yourself, "I feel that it has some letters after its name."

Then you go through the alphabet, and get stuck at G. What could start with G? Great Falls? Gideonsburg? Gloversville?

Finally you fall into a restless sleep, only to jump up at three o'clock in the morning, wide awake, sit bolt upright in bed and shout, "Washington!"

The intense pleasure that results from this is one of the compensations of middle age.

Sometimes, if you successfully conceal your little problem and try not to think about the missing name, it will come to you within a few minutes, and you can then bring out the sentence with the calm assurance of one whose mind is clear and alert and whose vision is sharp. More than likely, though, the conversation will by then have turned three corners and there's no way for you to announce suddenly that *Emma* is absolutely Jane Austen's best book. This is discouraging, but sometimes you can find a way to work the conversation back from the Congo to Jane Austen so you can stick *Emma* back in now that you've so happily remembered her.

The Congo can remind you of Africa in general and the problems of colonialism, and from there you can slide to North Africa, and that might remind you of, darn, who's that French Algerian writer? I just can't think of his name. It's on the tip of my tongue. Oh well. Anyway, from there you might work your way back to Flaubert and Madame Bovary, and after all, her name is Emma too, and there you are. Why waste a perfectly good name like Jane Austen after you've gone to all the trouble to remember it?

The only consolation is that by the time all this happens to you, it's happened to your husband, too (what's his name? It's something short and simple, I'm pretty sure. Could it begin with B? Oh well,

I'll just call him "honey." He'll never notice), and often, while you're desperately trying to remember Julius Caesar, you can without the least difficulty help him out with Abraham Lincoln, which he is floundering around with—"Oh, you know, that tall man with the sad face."

Sometimes, if the forgotten name is something or someone fairly obscure, like Amenhotep III, the whole thing gets to be a fascinating game of twenty questions with sanity as the prize. You keep handing out clues, and the other person has to guess who it is before you both go crazy.

"Oh *you* know, he was a king."

"He was Egyptian."

"No, no, not Farouk. This one lived a terribly long time ago."

"I don't think he was fat."

"He was the father of that Akhnaton, you know, the one that Freud wrote that book about."

"No, Tutankhamen was the one with the fancy tomb. I don't mean him."

"He was in the Middle Kingdom."

"His head is in the British Museum."

"I think his name has an M in it."

By the time someone gets out the encyclopaedia and hunts through a hundred pages on Egypt, everybody (that's me) has forgotten what he was talking about anyway, and who, in heaven's name, is Amenhotep and who cares? He's *terribly* dead.

Now who is that Algerian writer? I just read a story of his last week. It was about a French schoolteacher and a native prisoner. His name is on the tip of my tongue. I tell you I know it as well as I know my own name.

Now let me see, I have a feeling my name begins with an L. I remember that I never liked it much.

"It's a woman."

"She's related to you."

"She has brown hair—*you* know who I mean."

"No, *not* your cousin Bertha."

"By the way, what's *your* name?"

Ten Practice Questions

1. Who was that little man with the moustache who made so much trouble a few years back?
2. Who was that one that crossed the Alps with elephants?
3. You remember that guy with the funny name that wrote all those Greek books—one of them was the "Odyssey?"
4. The one that threw eggs at his housekeeper and wrote all those symphonies? I think he was German.
5. Who's that Russian that wrote that long book?
6. You know who I mean—that long, skinny guy who flew across the Atlantic?
7. That tall actress with the long straight hair and big feet? What was her name?
8. Who was that short man with the dank hair and one hand stuck in his vest?
9. What's his name, that American with the white hair and the white suits who was so funny?
10. What do you call those things with manes that run fast?



VOGUE, MARCH 15, 1961

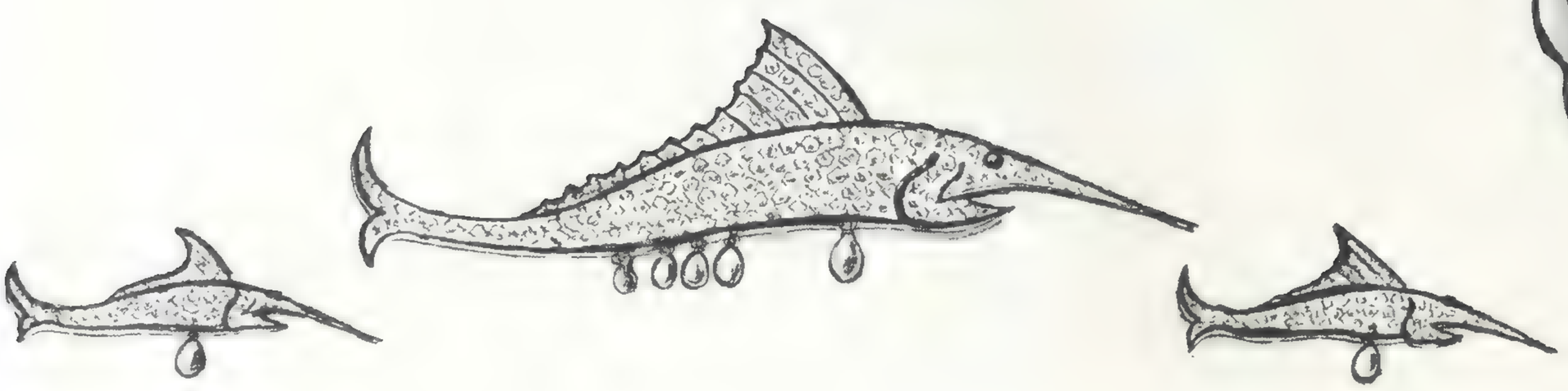
VOGUE PATTERNS

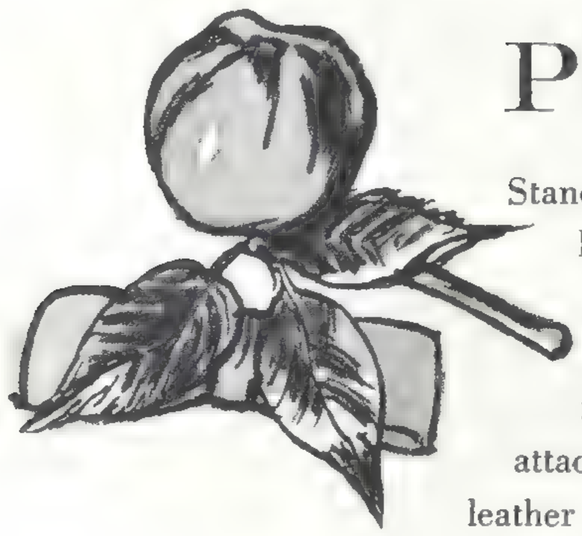
Chiffon idea,
developed in depth

Late development in chiffon: it's used three layers deep in dresses which, though far from motionless, have a more controlled attitude about motion, less extraneous floating. Under this new management, chiffon takes on a powdery, moth-wing iridescence, new dimensional softness that handles, even tailors, as well as fabrics of substance. Here, two dresses of chiffon-in-depth, on new chiffon lines; both Vogue Patterns. (Sewing note: the three layers of each dress-piece are first basted together, then treated as one—to make life easier.) *Left:* Triple-chiffon dress in cocoa-brown, banded in black chiffon to outline the oval neck, arms, and new two-level waist. Vogue Pattern 5206, made here in silk chiffon by Bianchini. *Right:* Coral-coloured dress in triple chiffon, with low cowl neck (rimmed here by a cowl necklace of beige beads), circular skirt. Vogue Pattern 4153, in silk chiffon by Bianchini. Necklace by De Mario, at Bonwit Teller. Patent leather sandals by Mademoiselle. Chair, developed in depth, by George Tanier. *For other views, sizes, yardages, turn to page 123.*



VOGUE PATTERN 4153





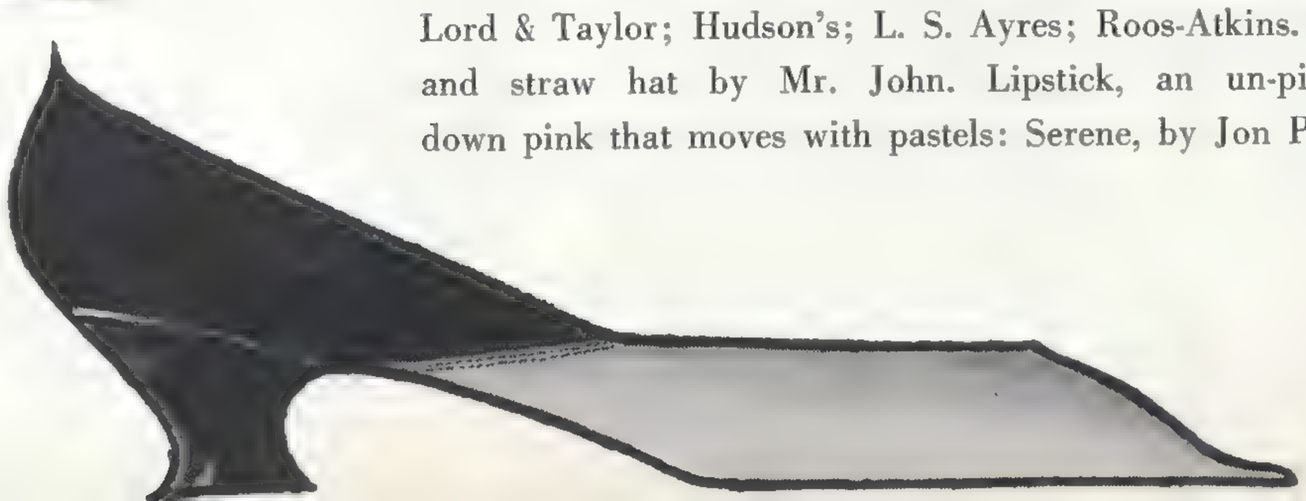
Paris news in detail

Standing inspection here, some of the little things that mean a lot to new Paris looks—new pins and where to wear them, a new shape in shoes. Starting right and going counter-clockwise: a long long hatpin topped by a long-stemmed rose. This, by Svend for Heim and shown life-size, grows attached to a big flat black hat, or could impale one side of a patent leather pillbox, straw beret, skull cap. Left above, a family of three swordfish, scaled in clear or coloured stones; Dior has these swimming together near the neckline of a dress or suit. Growing into this paragraph at left, a lacquered apple in deep apple-colours, from Cardin. This, he pins in backward-glance position at the shoulder blade of a red wool dress (as shown on page 86). Lower left, by Ricci—a sea-anemone with floaty fronds of coral, green stone seeds, gold centre, to pin side or centre of a neckline. Below, Dior's new shoe-shape that tapers to a flat square toe. Two versions shown here: one in alligator with high heel, side tie; one in two-toned leather with low spool heel. Both shoes, designed by Roger Vivier.

SKETCHES BY HERVÉ DUBLY

U.S. suit detail—the sash stole

New laurels for a straight-line cardigan suit—a wreath of sash-wide bands of peau de soie in surprise colours, wrapped like a stole around its shoulders. The suit and sou'wester here, both banana yellow; the stole, a blend of blue, moss, ivory. Suit by Finger, Rabiner, & Jontow, in junior sizes, of wool with a hopsacking look; about $60 at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; L. S. Ayres; Roos-Atkins. Stole and straw hat by Mr. John. Lipstick, an un-pinned-down pink that moves with pastels: Serene, by Jon Pierre.



SANTE FORLANO



NEW OCEAN DAZZLERS

The two star additions to the fleet of the P & O-Orient Lines, the one-hundred-year-old dowager British Company, are the S.S. "Oriana" and the S.S. "Canberra." Photographed on these pages, fresh from her first voyage, is the "Oriana"; *at right*, her bow with a crowned monogram "O" circling the two "E's" for England's two Elizabethan eras; *below*, her balconied stern, looking like the back of a paddle boat. On their main beat, the Pacific, these two ships will be the biggest, the fastest, carry the largest tourist class—each well over fifteen hundred passengers. (The "Canberra," longer by some sixteen feet, will make her first crossing from Southampton, England, on June second, going to California through the Mediterranean and the Pacific.) Longer than two football fields, with sweeps of glass like shop windows, these great ocean liners have little resemblance; the "Oriana" is pyramided with decks, the "Canberra" has a streamlined length, a broad centre is left free for passengers. Both, however, have new, exciting mechanical devices: propulsion engines that allow the ships to move sideways, to berth docilely. In addition to stabilizers, invisible bulbous bows, like enormous balloons, eliminate front-to-back pitch.

(Continued on page 123)



Ocean-dazzling suit—sea-foam green

To chart for cruise-climates now—a suit of the palest yellowish-green, shown starboard, with a round, crew-cut jacket, easy skirt belted with a bow. (This suit-colour, a pretty seascape against the pale colour of the ship's hull.) The suit blouse, sea-green printed cotton lawn. Suit by Frederick Starke, of viscose rayon; at Lord & Taylor.

HENRY CLARKE


ORIANA

"LEAVE ME THE LOVELIEST"

BY COLETTE

The great French writer wrote this in 1925 for French Vogue; we republish it, eighth in our series, for its freshness, its subtleties.

You burst in on me this afternoon, young friend, and, sending your little brimless felt hat flying off with one smart tap, as a clown does his wig when he bows to the audience, you announced:

"I'm taking you off tomorrow morning. Be ready at seven and leave the rest to me. We lunch at B—— on the stroke of midday. We have a snack at C—— at four o'clock. And may my tongue be covered with ulcers if half-past seven doesn't find us at D—— with our elbows on the table and an *apéritif* in front of us!"

With a sweep of your arm, you indicated through the open window your pretty car, with its body of mahogany inlaid with rosewood and its chromium-plated bonnet, drawn up against the sidewalk. That outstretched arm, as I know from experience, is firm at the wheel; that hand, grown hard and freckled since the spring, will never infringe one paragraph of the highway code out of nervousness or rashness. Nevertheless I shall not obey the summons of that hand.

Young friend, it is not with you that I shall set off on a motor tour. You will wrinkle your small unpowdered nose and reply: "You're awfully difficult!" Exactly; you couldn't have put it better; I am awfully difficult. You are perfect on a journey but I want something better and less rigorous than your perfection, something other than your inexorable timetables that put any railroad to shame.

You are a young woman of twenty-six or twenty-eight. The curse and the blessing of women of your generation is that, at their age, they have experienced everything, even sorrow. The war made you wise beyond your years; love, for you, was coupled with apprehension. Modern education has taught you, among other things, to travel—if by travelling one means covering long distances. At sixteen, you were not even faintly embarrassed at having to cope with hotel bills, including tips, all by yourself. Since the day of your First Communion, the blasé disdain and the omniscience of the rich have been part and parcel of your make-up.

You never hesitate, you never dawdle. When you are seated at the steering wheel, your dignity yields the right of way to "big cars" and to those buzzing insects of the road, a kind of horrible species of harvest bug, usually scarlet, that rush past at alarming speed. You brush certain small cars with your wing to teach them respect for the straight line. And you decipher maps with the air of a virtuoso, so much so that, when you unfold the score of a thousand square miles, I always expect to hear you warbling an operatic air—"Paris-Biarritz"—or the ascending and descending scales of the hilly road from Nîmes to Le Havre.

You know all the little villages, their resources and their pitfalls. The "Hostelry" furnished in old-world style cuts no ice with you for you know that salad tastes no better in a cracked plant pot of old Rouen-ware than fruit compôte in a warming pan diverted from its proper use. You are, I repeat, perfect; I shall not, I repeat, go touring with you. I have too many defects, without counting the one of no longer being your age. The ribbon of the road and the woods and fields that border it cease to have any charm for me when they are half effaced by speed. And I know that, in this age, there is only one luxury: slowness; only one aristocracy: leisure. So go off without me, for the entire summer, active young woman; drive on and on, impassive, undazzled by anything, at a "nice" average of fifty-five.

I shall go off on my own and I can safely bet that we shall not meet. You will behave like the greyhound bitch, who could not run with the little bulldogs because in three bounds she had touched the horizon and was looking everywhere for the panting bulldogs whom she had overtaken without even seeing them. Space is all yours; leave me the rest, leave me everything that is loveliest. The sparse pinewoods; the twisting winding river in the hollow of its valley; the pink foxgloves standing between the domes in which charcoal is burning; wholemeal bread being taken out of an oven as I pass and the smell of it that makes me hungry and sleepy; the sand pit full of purple heather; the little lake half-glimpsed behind the hedge—perhaps it was a field of blue flax in flower?—the enclosure planted with hemp where butterflies drowse, half-drugged. . . I omit so many, even more irresistible things.

All this belongs to me, together with the varied, tangible, rural silence, that you do not hear because nothing stops you on the road; you who rush through the steam from the bakehouse and shatter a flight of butterflies; you who told me one day when I wanted to lie down and sleep on a patch of living velvet, "Don't be childish!"

One of the smallest of motor vehicles will shortly carry me off on my travels. You will gladly put yourself at my disposal to plan "a simply marvellous route"? Don't, I implore you, bother about me! Yes, I shall have a can of gas in the trunk and four new spark plugs. But, far more important, I shall have a thick blanket, some Gruyère cheese, some duck *pâté*, a joint of roast pork in its own thick jelly, some fruit, a flask of good wine and another of hot coffee. Thus furnished, I shall set off for somewhere fifty miles out of Paris, or five hundred.

I have learned, having tested them already, that the summer nights are short and sweet, and that the red streak that announces the dawn tinges the sky with a light so austere that it constricts the heart. But it is a moment so pure that, for the space of it, one savours the bliss of thinking of nothing, except childhood. Even if you were to pass by on the road in the first hour of daylight, you would pass without knowing that I had slept there, in the outcrop of a wood, in the most luxurious solitude. You would never know that I had just woken up in the sad dawn, damped by a meagre dew that was being dried up, drop by drop, by the waving black fan of the pines.

TRANSLATED BY ANTONIA WHITE.

ALASKA SURPRISE

BY HORACE SUTTON

Some notes on the cuff of a wash-and-wear parka—a wonderful railroad, shee-fish, gossipy totems.

The thing about Fairbanks is that it is more Alaska than you may have expected. . . . You can see the beavers gnawing on logs from an apartment house on the Chena River. . . . Shoeshines are 75 cents and even gold isn't cheap. Tiny nugget tie tacks start at $15. . . . You can walk over the old Bailey Bridge to the railroad station and see the sign at the dead end: Northern End of the Main Line of the Northernmost Railroad in North America. . . . The luncheonette at the corner of First and Turner sells magazines in front, does tattooing in the rear. . . . Jottings from a price list at the supermarket: lettuce up to 79 cents a head, three ears of corn 59 cents, local milk 47 cents a quart. . . . It's pleasantly warm here in summer but the Union Oil Station sports fake palm trees. . . . Fairbanks still has birch trees shading wooden sidewalks, rooms for rent in log cabins; for that matter, a TV service centre operates out of a log cabin.

Trappers still bring skins directly to town furriers. Martin Victor Furs advertises "From the Trapper to You." Alaskan sables are $55 a skin, white rabbit parkas are $39. The face of a parka is called the ruff and can be made from wolf, silver fox, lynx, or polar bear. There are summer parkas and winter parkas, also fur-lined leopard parkas, not indigenous. Fliers and dog team steerers are fond of *sicsicpuc* or whistling marmot. Very heavy. *Sicsicpuc* parkas for men are $395, $100 less for women. Mukluks which are boots chewed to softness by Eskimo women are $25. Least expensive way for a man to get out of a fur store: buy a pair of fur earrings. . . . Jonas Brothers not only makes parkas for Saks, B. Altman, I. Magnin, and Marshall Field, it has two-foot-long Alaskan ice worms for sale and Eskimo yo-yos. It also keeps a museum display inside its stores. The Fairbanks exhibition shows a hunter clothed in a parka made of the breasts of murre birds, an Eskimo woman fleshing fat from a sealskin, a boat fashioned from a skin, and a whale's jawbone.

But the best museum is on the modern campus of the University of Alaska. Included are such delights of the Alaskan home as a sofa made of moose horns and a table with ram's horn legs. Also on hand: a two-headed caribou fawn, a mastodon's tooth, and a pair of interlocked moose antlers from a pair of headstrong, weak-minded moose. The antlers ought to be displayed at the U.N. . . . The original design of the Alaskan flag was made by one Benny Benson, a thirteen-year-old Seward schoolboy. Wrote Benny: "The blue is for the Alaska sky and the forget-me-not an Alaska flower. The north star is for the future state of Alaska, the most northerly in the Union. The Big Dipper is for the Great Bear symbolizing strength."

When the ice breaks on the Tanana River, the citizenry operates an enormous gambling pool. The list of entrants and the time of the breakup which each holds make a book fatter than the Manhattan Telephone Directory. It costs one dollar a chance, and participants must be residents of Alaska. The pot runs from $100,000 to $130,000 and winner takes all except ten per cent which goes to the city of Nenana. . . . A shee-fish is an arctic tarpon and is said to be more fun to catch than to eat. But it is pretty good to eat. . . . Alaska king crab as served by the Traveler's Inn is the only shellfish I couldn't finish.

Indians catch salmon on the Tanana River with a water-powered fish wheel that simply flips passing salmon—huge ones, too—into a trap. Salmon are in from the Bering Sea 1,200 miles away. Lindy's isn't the only smoked salmon temple in the world. Indians smoke salmon too, feed it to their dog teams when winter comes. . . . The apartment house on which Ferber patterned *Ice Palace* has a drugstore, coffee shop, optometrist, cocktail lounge, insurance broker, dress shop, Sears Roebuck, luggage store, barber shop, and Honest John's Army and Navy store. If the ice palace is iced in, they're self-sufficient, if expensive. Haircuts are $2.55, cleaning a suit costs $2.50.

You might think Alaskans wouldn't be interested in winter sports with all that snow around, but there is a lodge at Cleary Summit, twenty-one miles north of Fairbanks. Three rope tows are needed to take care of the skiers and a chair lift is going in.

Most imaginative menu in these parts is the Cripple Creek Resort at Ester, near Fairbanks. For breakfast: sourdough hotcakes, hot huckleberry syrup, smoked pork shingles (or freshly ground reindeer meat instead of pork shingles), open-kettle coffee. Dinner: Shee-fish fillets, salmon steak, reindeer steak. Peechuk cherry cuts for dessert. All served family style at long tables in the main lodge house. The kitchen is open and there is a nickelodeon in the corner. . . .

The Eskimo Cook Book prepared by the students of Shishmaref Day School of Shishmaref, Alaska, has a few imaginative ideas, too. Such as Eskimo Ice Cream ("Grate reindeer tallow into small pieces. Add seal oil slowly while beating with hand . . ."); Caribou Soup ("cut caribou meat and wash it in water. Add salt, pepper, onion, potato, rice or macaroni, and Campbell's soup . . ."); Seals' Bare Feet ("put the seal's bare feet into a cooking pan. Cover them with blubber and keep in a hot place until the fur comes off. . .").

The high cost of excursions: a four-hour, 25-mile trip on a paddle-wheeler, including lectures on how to skin a moose, costs $10 a head. A tour of Mount McKinley National Park, which starts at five in the morning from the McKinley Park Hotel, with a look at a moose or a mountain if the weather is clear, costs $15 per person. Sourdough breakfast is extra, and costs a flat $2.25.

There are three ways to reach McKinley Park—by car over the Denali Highway which links with the Alaska Highway by way of Richardson Highway; by air, landing at the strip near the hotel; and by *(Continued on page 110)*

Alaska surprise *continued*

train. The Alaska Railroad, government-owned and operated, stops by on its way between Seward and Anchorage and Fairbanks, the end of the line. It carries a bar and dining car, passes out folders on the sights to be seen, slows down for moose, wakes you up so you won't miss taking a good picture, gives the correct camera setting, helps passengers up and down at the stops: a wonderful way to run a railroad.

The difference between Fairbanks and Anchorage is that Fairbanks lives on top of permafrost, an underground ice cake that never melts. Anchorage lives on the good earth, grows beautiful suburban gardens, was not born with a golden nugget in its mouth. It started as a railroad town, now counts 144,000 people in greater Anchorage, 44,000 in the city and its suburbs. It looks like a thriving Midwestern town, has a pair of fourteen-storey buildings, no Indians, no Eskimos, and no heritage that goes back to Russian days in Alaska.

Anchorage got its real start in World War II, is now an anchor of the Distant Early Warning system or DEW Line. . . . Anchorage bristles with neon burger and chili signs, parking meters and meter maids, a new 350-room hotel. . . . It is full of foreign pilots who jockey planes over the Pole. It also registers more private planes than any other city under the U.S. flag. There are 900 float planes with permanently assigned parking areas on the lakes. The Russians have requested landing rights not at the local airport but at Elmendorf, the Air Force base. They gave the length of the runway within inches. . . . The Russians would like to fly Moscow, Irkutsk, Elmendorf, San Francisco.

Alaska Airlines countered by requesting the right to fly to Irkutsk in Siberia. . . . Anchorage International Airport is decorated with portraits of famous bush pilots. Moscow Mollie on the Russian radio sometimes lists the names of American soldiers sent to duty at Fire Island just offshore from Anchorage harbour. . . . There are 32,000 cars in Anchorage now, necessitating a freeway.

The local Mardi Gras is the Anchorage Fur Rendezvous. Eskimos get tossed in the air, propelled by blankets. Dog sleds mush through the streets, a queen is crowned, and furs are sold. They hold it in winter too, but the temperature is not so bad. Coldest month only averages a balmy 11° above. July, the warmest month, is a brow-mopping 57°. That doesn't stop the population from swimming and boating at Lake Spennard and golfing at the country club that overlooks Turnagain Arm.

Captain Cook explored it looking for a northwest passage to Europe, but he had to turn back again. The passage is now available by air. The bore tide comes in like an arrowhead at thirty-five miles an hour, and when it recedes you can walk on the brown flats covered with a residue of glacial silt.

But Anchorage, so near the frontier, can be sophisticated too. The menu at the Parisian is almost a yard across, lists marinated *Blutwurst* with scallions, Rock Cornish game hen, New York sirloin steak (at $5 it's cheaper than New York), and Baked Alaska, guaranteed homegrown (at $1 that's cheaper than New York, too). The Chart Room of the Westward Hotel is a decorative maze of pulleys, ropes, a polished ship's telegraph, and charts in all the table tops.

The Westward Gift Shop has nugget tie tacks at $5, or one-third the price of gold-conscious Fairbanks. Best basket work is done by the Aleuts, Polynesian types who live in the Aleutian Islands. *Al—ee—oots* is the correct pronunciation for the people, *al—oo—shuns* for the place they live.

Kodiak Island, anchored outside of Cook Inlet, is the home of the Kodiak bear, Alaskan king crabs that weigh as much as twenty pounds, and is probably the oldest settlement in Alaska. Outfitters for big brown bear hunters are in residence. So are the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

Trips out of Anchorage: to the Kenai Peninsula, pronounced *keen-eye*, by road, railroad, or plane. Magnificent mountains, world's largest moose, white Dall sheep, and wild mountain goats.

Valdez, pronounced *val—deez*, also calls itself the "Switzerland of Alaska." Worthington Glacier, just outside of town, practically spills over the highway. Valdez grew out of Copper City, a tent town. Now there are only 1,400 citizens, which is about half the number who were there in 1897 when gold stampeders replaced the copper miners. Sports fishing in the bay, salmon derby from August to Labor Day.

Southeastern Alaska is the hand- *(Continued on page 117)*

Centrepiece for entertaining: the California pool house of Mr. and Mrs. Christian de Guigné III

On the edge of a mountain and at the end of a sinuous, climb-a-mile drive in San Mateo, just south of San Francisco, stands the Christian de Guigné house, a great, weathered stone villa built by the father of Mr. de Guigné in the early 1900's on land owned by a De Guigné since 1860. Mr. de Guigné was born here, and the house holds, relaxedly, a collection of treasures, jades, Fabergé things, enamels, corals, assembled by the family over the years. Last year, the De Guignés added what has become, perhaps, the house's busiest treasure, a pool and a loggia-wing—shown, *opposite*, unpeopled, a condition it rarely is in. To go with the long, blue, Florentine-cornered pool, the De Guignés had their architects, Porter and Steinwedell, design the arched white Florentine loggia. The interior designer, Anthony Hail, filled it with deep-cushioned furniture, mostly Florentine; Chinese-motif paintings, all Florentine; added black iron stools, and concealed hi-fi. Connected by a service section to the main house kitchen, the loggia, with a telescopic view of San Francisco, proved so marvellous for luncheons and dinners that Mrs. de Guigné found, although she had not planned it that way, that their large indoor dining room became, almost, the place where they *used* to eat. Their party way for, say, thirty: the pool house's motorized black-and-white Roman shades (shown at half-mast) are pulled down all the way to the terrazzo floor while people have drinks by the pool. At dinner time, revealing a candle-and-lantern-lit stage set with five round tables for six, the shades go up like a theatre curtain. For more on all this, with a De Guigné menu, please see the following page.

FRED LYON

VOGUE'S FASHIONS *in* LIVING



By the pool house fireplace, the De Guignés



The party ways of a California pool house

So Florentine outside and in that it would be no surprise on a Fiesole hillside, the Christian de Guigné California hillside pool house is thoroughly American in the fast switch it makes from sitting room to dining room. Behind the fireplace, a storage closet holds all the paraphernalia, the cushions that float and the waterproof chaise longues that make pool life plummy. In addition, the closet stores twenty-four metal silk-padded party chairs and four party tables, round, wooden, with marbleized tops. The great café-au-lait sofas, *opposite*, roll swiftly and frequently away, and, in their place on each side of the fireplace, go the dining tables.

For a pavilion dinner party, this menu: Olympia Oysters with Mignonette Sauce; Noisettes of Lamb with Truffle Sauce, Hearts of Artichoke filled with puréed peas, and Pommes Parisiennes; Limestone Lettuce Salad, Green Goddess; Crème Brûlée. The wines: Mouton-Rothschild, 1952, and Krug Champagne, 1947. (Sometimes Mrs. de Guigné prefers to serve the small Olympia oysters in their own juice in Japanese porcelain sake cups.) Both De Guignés, shown *above* with their special strain of dogs, Border Collies, like to cook, to entertain—like to do both especially when the pool is the party's centrepiece.

Part of the loggia: the women's bathhouse, white blackamoor, leopard rug.



Beside a podocarpus tree and a terra-cotta dolphin: a dining table with pagoda centrepiece.

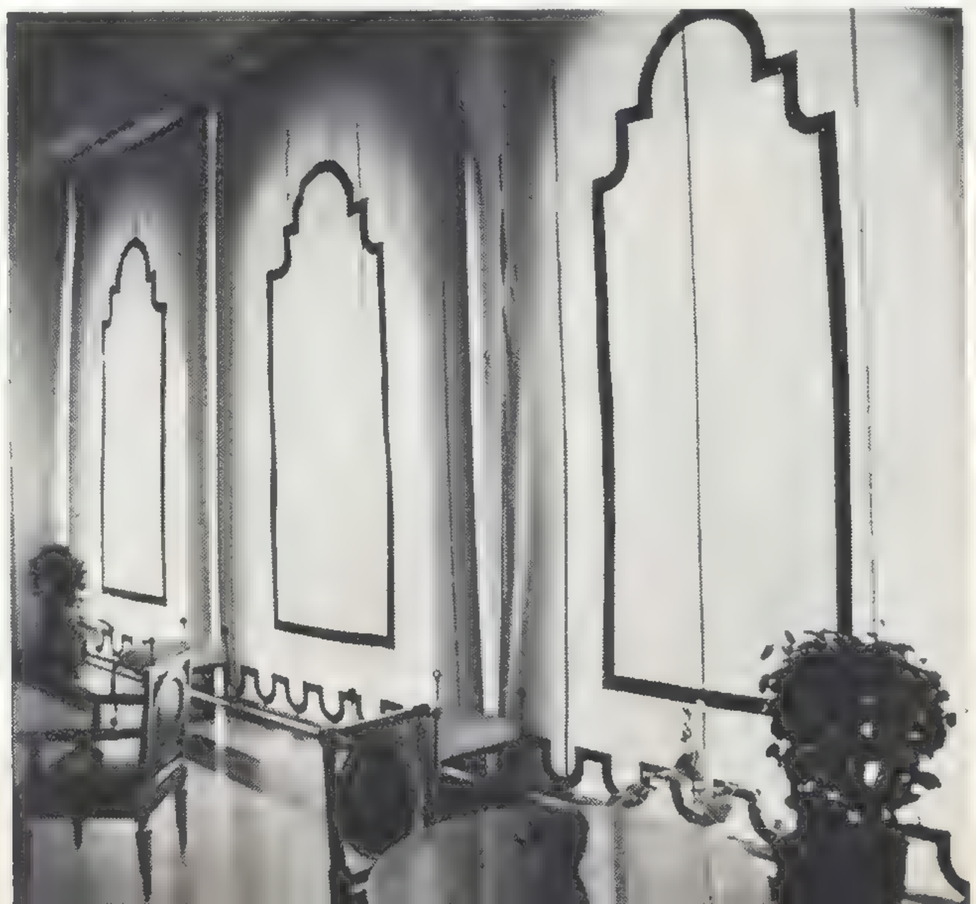


The sofas, beige linen velours with chocolate-colour and orange silk velvet cushions, pewter Hong Kong lamps.

In the living room, pictures made of caning with a painted Chinese design, below round window, *above left,* conceal hi-fi speakers. Shape-of-the-pool designs, painted in black on the ceiling, *above,* and on the motorized canvas shades, *below,* echo the outdoor scenery.



FRED LYON





The yellow brick house, presumably built for a sea captain.



Mr. Smith in his attic studio, on the site of a widow's walk.

Small country kitchen, *right*, on the big country garden, *below*. In the corner cupboard, pewter and old glass. Over the mantel, "Brooklyn Bridge" by Smith.

Set for Oliver Smith

The Brooklyn house of a designer whose sets enrich ten Broadway shows.



A close-cropped grey-haired man built along the lines of a greyhound, Oliver Smith lives and works in a Brooklyn house built in 1820 along the lines of Greek Revival—"a modest form of Greek Revival," Mr. Smith qualified. It stands on Willow Street in Brooklyn Heights, a cliff where once shipmasters had their houses—they could look clearly at their port and Manhattan across the river. The Smith house still has a teasing view of skyscraper tops, sixteen rooms, all good-sized, and sixteen fireplaces, all workable and frequently working.

Shirtsleeved and fresh from a flurry of revising the sets for the national company of *The Sound of Music*, Mr. Smith loped down the winding staircase, *far right*, to show the setting he designed for himself in the midst of his prodigious stage production. The roster of Smith-set shows running now on Broadway: *The Sound of Music, My Fair Lady, Camelot, Mary, Mary, Becket, A Taste of Honey, Under the Yum-Yum Tree, The Unsinkable Molly Brown, Show Girl*, and, for the Metropolitan Opera Company, *Martha*. *(Continued on page 116)*



The living room, *above*, and the dining room, *below*, share pale-grey walls, pale olive-green rugs, yellow-veined black marble fireplaces, golden-green raw silk curtains. Over the black and gold Regency cabinet, *above*, a circus scene by Chagall. To the right of the mantel, *below*, a painting by Rufino Tamayo. *Right*, the swirling circular staircase, lit by an amber skylight.



KERTÉSZ



Above, the library, with bottle-green velvet sofa and window swags, black-and-white striped satin chairs. Mr. Smith found the ivory-inlaid desk in an old Brooklyn insurance office. *Below*, the master bedroom with Victorian rug and chairs, a brass bed, glass-enclosed porch for garden-and-bird watching.

KERTÉSZ



Set for Oliver Smith *continued*

Mr. Smith led us to his rooftop studio, a trip negotiated by a precipitous, unrailed ladder—"helps discourage interruptions," he explained. So low-ceilinged it barely misses the designer's head, the room is a gathering place for drawing tables, clipboard, air conditioner, white percale curtains, and lonely, timeless sounds—the slap of wind at the windows, the song of harbour horns. This year, this room housed the original drawings and mock-ups for the *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* and *Camelot*. "I enjoyed doing *Camelot*," Mr. Smith said. "Never had a chance to work in mediaeval before." In a third-floor studio below he quartered the drawings of *Becket*, another mediaeval challenge he met spectacularly this season. One drawing board here had been pre-empted by a big white cloud of Persian cat whom Mr. Smith called Louis B. "Got him while I was working on the movie *The Band Wagon*."

Oliver Smith added. "Unlike Oliver Messel, who has a show working in every room of his London house, I must have some rooms free, some places un- *(Continued on page 121)*

ALASKA SURPRISE

(Continued from page 110)

iest part, but it is different. Full of fir trees, totem poles, and Indians. Ships snake up through the maze of islands on the inland route. Juneau is the capital, but it has been weathered-in so often that now the capital may be moved to Anchorage. When they can see the way in, Pan American comes up daily from Seattle and the summer boats fly the flags of Canadian Pacific, Canadian National, Union Steamships, and Alaska Cruise Lines. You can get in by car too, driving as far as Haines, then floating down the Lynn Canal on a ferry.

With its hilly streets, its steep slopes all around, and the water at the front door, Juneau reminds me of an Adirondack town. . . . Biggest show in town is the Mendenhall Glacier. Enterprising bars used to use glacier ice in the drinks, even export it to what Alaska calls the "outside." . . . Red Dog Saloon is the local El Morocco. No zebra stripes, but the walls are decked with old snowshoes, moose antlers, and copies of such ragtime rousers as "Glacier Ice Blues," and the "Arctic Circle Cake Walk."

The Historical Library and Museum on the hill is full of Indian lore, Russian lore, bits of the plane that killed Wiley Post and Will Rogers, a Japanese cannon captured on Attu in 1943, and Benny Benson's original sketch of the Alaskan flag. A look at the surrealistic masks of the Eskimos will be remindful of Picasso. The museum skirts the Attu campaign. Japanese money is behind a giant pulp mill at Sitka, the old Russian capital founded by Alexander Baranof in 1799. St. Michael's Cathedral there still stands.

Best hotel in Juneau is the Baranof, largely staffed by Filipinos. . . . Juneau's Nugget Shop has the best collection of Alaskan lore anywhere in the 49th State. Authentic copper masks made by the Tchilkat Indians have grizzly bear hair and abalone teeth, gambling stones of walrus ivory, halibut hooks, seal floats with blue beads for eyes.

Harbor Leather Co., in an assuming store front, has the most unusual collection of furs we saw. It does its own hunting in its own seal boat, processes salmon skins for shoes, custom made at $50 a pair. It takes two years to tan fish skins. Leopard seal coats lined with moose are, to say the least, unusual.

Best buy in Alaska: sheared tourist at Juneau's Capitol Barber College. "Haircut by advanced student: $1.50; flattop: $1.75."

Ketchikan is so far off the tourist trail Pan American doesn't go there. You have to transfer in from Annette Island aboard the amphibians operated by Ellis Airlines. Ketch'm and can 'em is the flip corruption of Ketchikan's name. It is mainly in the fish business, but it also sports the largest collection of totems in the U.S. There is no railroad and no highway, but you can see sea lions at play from the dock.

When KTKN the local radio station signs off, it says it is affiliated with CBS, ABC, and MBS. . . . There are no cows on Revillagigedo Island where Ketchikan is located. . . . Alaska's first pulp mill is six miles north of town, but despite the new industry the incongruous twelve-storey apartment houses are less than half full. . . . Ketchikan's High School is all aluminum and glass. . . . Town harbours 2,000 fishing boats during the salmon run, and the place goes crazy during the salmon derby.

Ingersoll Hotel may not be the Waldorf, but it is the friendliest hotel we found in Alaska. . . . Have a look in the tiny fur shop across the street. We bought a black fox boa there for $125. . . . If you want to come home with a salmon, go briefly to the Clover Pass Resort thirteen miles outside town. They haul the salmon right in front of the place. Seven cabins with chemical toilets, boats, and guides, frequently a Hollywood clientele. Sally makes the food in Sally's Galley and it is frequently moose steak, venison, and elk. King salmon average thirty pounds. . . . Totems were mostly carved between 1820 and 1905. Read them from top to bottom. They tell of wealth, death, and scandal. An Indian gossip columnist had to be a whittler, not just handy with a knife. . . . Sometimes it rains 150 inches a year in Ketchikan. The clowns claim the salmon swim up Main Street and spawn in the gutter.

When you're in Alaska you're inside and when you're out you're outside. . . . We ventured outside carrying an Eskimo drum, Eskimo sun glasses—made of wood, not glass, a gold tack to hold the tie, an antique halibut hook (very handy), seven feet of black fox, and a large frozen salmon.



"The paper says you might as well not wear legs this Easter as wear the same old stockings!"

Fashionable girls in obscure drawing rooms everywhere are beginning to catch on. (You should, too!) No one wears the same pair of shoes with everything—so why wear the same old legs? Easter's the time for all those chic new tints in Du Pont Nylon. After all, it says right here in the paper—

every fashion needs a stocking all its own!

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DAGUERREOTYPES

(Continued from page 93)

others were ruined in bungling attempts to clean their tarnished surfaces, thousands remain in pristine condition, eloquent yet forgotten remembrances of the past.

No other pictorial technique was more popular in America in the 1850's: as Horace Greeley said, "In daguerreotypes we beat the world." There were more daguerreotype galleries in New York City than in all of England in 1853, and more on Broadway alone than in London. Americans were more grateful to Daguerre than Frenchmen. When he died, he was mourned by the daguerreotypists of New York who voted to wear crape on their left sleeves for the space of thirty days. "Ah, what regard for immortality, what sentiment!" exclaimed the Vice President of the Société Libre des Beaux-Arts at a memorial service to Daguerre in the French town of Bry-sur-Marne, where he died in 1851: "America has shown herself grateful to our illustrious countryman, when French photographers were forgetful. . . ."

Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre was a painter. Since 1822 one of the popular Parisian spectacles was his "Diorama"—a theatre without actors. Scenery alone, of the most illusionistic kind, provided the amusement. There were three separate stages inside the "Diorama" around a circular auditorium, the floor of which was a great turntable that revolved to face, in turn, the stages, where were shown great paintings, 72 x 48 feet in size. When illuminated from the top, the front alone of each picture could be seen; when lighted from behind, another picture, painted on the back, became visible through the semi-transparent canvas. By controlling the lighting, the pictures dissolved one into another.

Parisians paid admission to see such make-believe scenes as an Alpine village before and after its destruction by an avalanche, or Midnight Mass at the Church of St.-Etienne-du-Mont. The latter was one of the most popular of the presentations: as night fell the church gradually darkened, the devout came to take their places, and, to the peals of an organ and the fumes of incense, choir boys lit candles. The Mass was sung, the faithful disappeared, the candles were extinguished, and daybreak illuminated the stained glass windows. The illusionism was so perfect that a lad from the country threw a coin onto the stage "to find out if it really was space in front of him." . . .

Within a decade (from 1845 to 1855), daguerreotyping was recognized as an industry. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts officially reported in 1855 that 403,626 daguerreotypes had been taken in the state during the past twelve months, the work of one hundred and thirty-four "Daguerreotype Artists" and two hundred and sixty hands. In 1860, at the end of the daguerreotype era, the United States Census reported 3,154 photographers. Every major city and town had at least one gallery—as the studios were universally called—and itinerant daguerreotypists travelled to remote backwoods and frontier areas in their horse-drawn "saloons" or floated down the rivers in houseboats. From Louisville, Kentucky, came the report in 1855: "There is not a place of one hundred inhabitants in any of the Southern or Western states that have not been visited by from one to any number of itinerants."

* * *

Hundreds answered such advertisements as appeared in the *New York Herald* in 1852:

"WANTED, fifty young men to learn the art of daguerreotyping. Instruction given in a few days, and a whole set of apparatus furnished for $50. Direct 'Broadway Post Office' will meet with immediate attention."

The students came from all walks of life: masons, engravers, grocers, expressmen, window shade manufacturers, locksmiths, jewellers, carpenters, writing masters, and railroad men are in the roster of those who, at one time or another, were professional cameramen. Many of them were jacks-of-all-trades: one of them, Frank Gage, wrote in 1858: "Today you will find the Yankee taking daguerreotypes; tomorrow he has turned painter; the third day he is tending grocery, dealing out candy to the babies for one cent a stick. . . ."

Like Albert Sands Southworth, who became his partner, Josiah Johnson Hawes had determined to become a daguerreotypist on seeing a demonstration. He was by trade a carpenter, by avocation a painter: "I practised painting on ivory, likewise portraits in oil, landscapes, et cetera, with no teacher but my books.

About this time—1840—the excitement of the discovery of the daguerreotype took place; some specimens of it which I saw in Boston changed my course entirely. I gave up painting and commenced daguerreotypy."...

The portraits produced by Southworth & Hawes are remarkable for the bold, simple presentation of the personality of the sitters. They avoided the stereotyped poses so characteristic of their competitors, and often broke convention. Southworth said: "What is to be done is obliged to be done quickly. The whole character of the sitter is to be read at first sight; the whole likeness, as it shall appear when finished, is to be seen at first. in each and all its details, and in their unity and combinations."

* * *

In 1853 it was estimated that a thousand New Yorkers made their living by daguerreotyping. There were eighty-six portrait galleries in the city then, and thirty-seven of these were on Broadway.

Broadway was the favoured location of daguerreian artists, not only because it was the centre of business. but because it was fashionable to promenade along the thoroughfare when the week's work was done.... "There are hundreds and thousands in New York who can not live out of Broadway: who must breathe its air at least once a day, or they gasp and perish." As a hit tune of the day put it:

"The O.K. thing on Saturday
Is walking down Broadway
The festive, gay, Broadway."

A popular diversion, while walking down Broadway, was to drop into a daguerreotype gallery. To choose which one was baffling. Daguerreotypists advertised in the newspapers, hung banners outside their galleries, and arranged display cases with samples of their work at the street entrance to entice promenaders to climb the flights of stairs. For all the galleries were walk-ups, since the great skylights, essential to indoor portraiture in those days, had to be built on the upper floors, and elevators were not yet common. It was hardly possible to choose a gallery in advance, and make an appointment for a sitting, because only if the day was fair could daguerreotypes be taken. If promenaders dropped into a gallery and found a lot of people waiting their turns, the temptation would be to seek another, less popular establishment. So daguerreotypists took pains to make their reception rooms as comfortable and as attractive as they could.

The most famous of the Broadway galleries were those of Mathew B. Brady, Martin M. Lawrence, and Jeremiah Gurney.

* * *

With an exposure of approximately twenty seconds, it was an ordeal to sit for one's likeness. ... Absolute immobility was required during the time that the lens was uncovered, and to help the sitter hold still, heavy iron headrests were provided, with adjustable horns forming a semicircle to accommodate the back of the head. These were not clamps; the head was not held rigid; they were rests against which one could lean. The heavier they were, the better. One daguerreotypist found that moving them around his gallery was a healthy exercise. . . .

When a sitter complained to Abraham Bogardus "My picture looks like the *Devil,*" the Broadway daguerreotypist said, "I told him I had never seen that personage and could not say as to resemblance. but sometimes a likeness ran all through families."

Daguerre's beautiful process became obsolete with the introduction of photography on glass in the late 1850's. Veterans looked back to it with fondness. "I shall always remember with pleasure the good old daguerreotype," said Abraham Bogardus. "No glass to clean and albumenize; no black fingers; few or no resittings; no retouching; no proofs to show for his grandmother, and his sister, and his cousins, and his aunts to find fault with; no waiting for sunshine to print with; no paper to blister, and no promising of the pictures next week if the weather was good. The picture was gilded, finished, and cased while the lady was putting on her bonnet; delivered, put in her pocket, and you had the money in your pocket." The anonymous author of *Sunlight Sketches,* a popular manual published by Snelling in 1858, wrote that a well-exposed glass plate should be developed and defined in all its parts, "like the beautiful daguerreotype . . . beautiful as the light of heaven can make it," and then paid tribute to the obsolete process of Daguerre:

"O. sad fate of the beautiful daguerreotype! I would to heaven I could forget it. But it lingers in my soul like fond remembrance of a dear departed friend."

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EUROPE AT THIRTY-FIVE

BY CHARLES MATZ

Fifteen years ago, leaving Europe after two years of fighting there and one of study, I left behind four friends. No one of them was yet twenty when I left. Returning in 1960, I found them approaching thirty-five. Which of them would have changed? How? As the pilot of the big Boeing announced our landing at Orly, I wondered what changes fifteen years had wrought in their countries and themselves.

In France: none. The country itself is patently more prosperous, but its political and social structure remain the same. Louis Gaillard, too, whom I had known so many years before. Although we had exchanged letters, no precise arrangement for our meeting had been concluded, for Louis, in 1960 as in the 1940's, still retreats from reality. I had expected that he would not arrive at my hotel on time; he did not. Effortlessly, he moves in the life of a time long past. When he finally arrived, I found him exactly as he had been ten years before. So much had changed in the world; he had not.

Louis says that he is an actor, though he has never acted before an audience, nor even in a drama school production. He modestly hopes to become part of a provincial repertory company. Louis is the second son of an ancient French family, rich and remote, which holds farms, manors, and a château, all in Normandy. During the season, Louis lives in the splendid mid-city seclusion of the family's rarely used Paris apartment. He is unmarried. Charming, gentle, devout, he is the French aristocrat of three hundred years ago. The changes of the last two hundred years have left no mark on him, no mark on his family.

In their seventeenth-century château, behind high grey stone walls, surrounded by the quiet gloom of lofty rooms and dusty mirrors, the Gaillards live, hearing only the faintest echoes of the far-off passing of rulers, empires, and republics. Visiting Louis and his family during early autumn is like stepping into the *Mémoires* of Chateaubriand. The same dignified, remote melancholy pervades the gravel courtyard before the mansion, the same barking and jumping hunting dogs, the same formal greeting from country gentlemen in boots and riding clothes, the same France remains.

The evening meal, begun before dusk, proceeds into darkness before a domestic finally brings a lamp. When the last of the plain boiled chestnuts and the cider are gone, the cloth is removed. Close to the fire, ranging in silent, shadowy dreaming sit Louis, his father, and mother. Occasionally the wild older brother, the first-born, arrives from some distant manor, where he raises and trains race horses. Then the conversation becomes animated with talk of bloodlines and strains.

The American visitor sits, unbelieving, spellbound by the antiquity of the scene. Timeless rustic life fills the rooms. The surrounding town, which is not especially lively, is a market place compared to the noiseless retreat which is the Gaillard family seat. The silk hangings on the walls; the damasks and velvet stuffs; the glowing gilt of *boiseries* and the dust-clouded crystal lustres in the chandeliers; the tall, small-paned windows; all bear no witness to the present. The only intrusions are the occasional whisper of an automobile engine, muffled in the far distance, or a farmer's report —highly coloured—of a haystack fired by vandals or of the exorbitant level of taxes. From this irreality comes Louis.

As second son, he was by tradition destined for the church. His family had assisted him in entering the austere monastery at Solesmes. Louis stayed but a few months. Once he had attempted to teach in a small school for boys, unsuccessfully. Now he is an actor. Perhaps in this new career he will find himself at last, for the fantastic world of his family's life is like a play. A man like Louis has no place in modern life, but in the theatre he may be tolerated.

The set in front of which the Gaillards play out their lives, miraculously unchanged from generation to generation, is pre-Revolutionary, rural France. But their theatre is private: the only other actors are others like themselves, members of the few families descended without change from another age. Their great elegance and refinement is, paradoxically, the product of their obliviousness to physical comfort. They have no telephone, for they have nothing to say to anyone but another member of their own class; and no one else of their class has any reason to call. They have no electricity, no running water, no hot water, no central heating. They have no close friends in their own community, for no other family of this community is of their class. The visitor at their château feels caught, like a man garrisoned in a warring state in some rebellious border province.

When the Gaillards pass through the gates of their holdings, they go as if they were blinded, unaware of the existence of the people around them. The dogs left behind in stable and garage hold more meaning for them than the faceless forms which jostle along the narrow streets of their town. Only the church, which has always saluted their kind, even at the cost of republican confiscations, can they see. It is visible, but France was lost from their view when the Revolution struck. Modern Paris they find distasteful: so many people whom one does not know, such noise and dirt, such a fast pace. Many, like Louis's mother, have resolved never to return to the city. But Louis stays in Paris in the season. He is, after all, an actor. He is registered at a little theatre. There may some day be an opening for him.

How different is Henri Franssen, whom I knew in Belgium in 1944. He is the son of a Belgian industrialist. He and his widowed mother, affectionate yet unsmiling, lived through the war and the years after as frugally as possible to preserve the last remnants of the estate left at the death of Henri's father. Somehow the genteel poverty in mean rented

(Continued on page 122)

SET FOR OLIVER SMITH

(Continued from page 116)

touched by projects." Two such inviolate places are the living room and dining room, shown on page 115. Graceful and soothing, invoking an easier, less hurried, less cramped era, these rooms have their original Federal mouldings and shining parquet floors, windows on three sides, muted colours. The walls are a pale, pale derivative of the dull gold of the curtains; Mr. Smith called it "dry Martini." "In here," he said, "I wanted no colours that would become aggressive, no décor to take over. A designer needs a certain abstract background. At least I do."

The living room and a small country kitchen (shown on page 114) give out onto a back porch, a wisteria-trellised terrace, and a white-fenced garden that includes, among its enchantments, a tulip tree, forsythia, a blossoming pear. "In the spring," Mr. Smith said, "when the wisteria and other things wallop into bloom, it is the most beautiful garden in New York."

On that back porch and terrace, Mr. Smith gives luncheons and dinners, April through October. He might have for a summer lunch, he said, "a cold soup, maybe *gazpacho*. Then a soufflé or a crabmeat aspic with a Bibb lettuce salad, a good wine, sherbet for dessert. For dinner? First, caviar; I must say my caviar bill runs high; masses of drinks, then roasted chicken, Italian, again with a good wine. Perhaps a chocolate soufflé." He ended, firmly, "My cook does the cooking."

His second-floor library (shown, page 116) is a cluster of comfort and interesting things to read, to look at, to study, one wall for books, three walls for paintings, pencil drawings, ink drawings, sixteenth-century Italian engravings, and such personal memorabilia as a 1941 drawing of his set for William Saroyan's *The Beautiful People*, his first theatrical commission, the result of Saroyan dropping in at an exhibition of Smith paintings in the old Bonestell Galleries on Fifty-seventh Street.

Lately he has been too busy to paint. When he begins again, painting will refuel his theatre work. "Right now," he said, "my mind's like an empty sieve." It will fill in time for two next season assignments, Tennessee Williams' *The Night of the Iguana* and a new play by Noel Coward.

In "Camelot" *(Continued from page 71,*



For a visual shock treatment, "there's simply not a more congenial spot . . . than in *Camelot*." These ladies in waiting, their backs arched, their stance regally stylized, their cone-shaped bonnets, called hennins, aflow with great wimples, are among the most beautiful sights of the theatre. Here, gathering up their skirts, these girls, with a page, Leland Mayforth (No. 5) and a dancer, Jerry Bowers (No. 9) become mediævalists.

1. Leesa Troy, in cerise.
2. Dawn Mitchell, in scarlet.
3. Judy Hastings, in pink, her rather Egyptian hennin crisscrossed with glitter.
4. Beti Seay, in blue.
6. Adriana Keathley, in gold-touched raspberry and a two-horned hennin.
7. Carlene Carroll, with vast wimple.
8. Marnell Bruce, in olive-green.
10. Claudia Schroeder, in orange.







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EUROPE AT THIRTY-FIVE

(Continued from page 120)

rooms, cold and grey over the eternally shiny, wet cobbles of Liège, never soured Henri's abundant good nature. Even today in Brussels, bad luck nips his heels. Just as Henri was on the threshold of a career in the colonial ministry, working on a great social security plan for the Congo possessions, the long-throttled forces of nationalism in Africa changed the map and the ministry.

Still full of optimism after this blow, Henri met me in Paris. He combined the visit with a quick tour of an office-machine exposition, which he was covering for a Belgian business review. He outlined his newly reoriented life. Henri is in charge of a large section of the ministry, directing its organization. He edits a management review. He reports for business and industrial publications. He follows an evening course in the science of operations research. He takes part in city politics. He is a devout, church-going Catholic. The sobriety of his life and the intensity of his industry are overwhelming.

Sixteen years ago, at the end of the war, Henri Franssen was a student in a Jesuit school in Liège, city of Grétry, Franck, and Simenon, stretched along the Meuse like a little Paris. The Liégeois are called "coal-heads" in the local Walloon dialect, for the city is surrounded by slag heaps, railway yards, and acres of transomed factory roofs.

To a schoolboy the distractions of war were large. The patriotic complicity of the adults against the occupying Germans and the chaos of liberation made study difficult. A daily, haphazard bombardment of the city by rockets launched from across the German border made life an enormous roulette game. The flaming tail of the erratic V-1 rockets, pausing, turning, looping, and finally crashing on house, hospital, school, street corner, or church was borne as the same willed fate of the little ball on the gambling wheel. Henri accepted it. He indulged himself in hero-worship of the American troops. Every free moment Henri was with the soldiers. He shared their lives and proudly translated them into the life of Liège. He never failed, however, to salute respectfully the sober rector of the Jesuit school when he passed on the street. Henri knew that certain translations were doomed to fail.

America and Americans became the magic of his life, erasing the cold, cramped monotone of declining family fortunes. All the Americans who knew him felt their lives invaded by this good-natured youth. Henri ornamented the narrow little room of his day-to-day life with stories of the sisters, wives, girl friends, cars, stores, bars, ball teams, everything that belonged to the Americans. Eventually he might have passed for an American himself. But he was not. When the last soldier left the city, Henri was also left.

Some new nourishment fed Henri's optimism after the Americans were gone. He struggled on toward a will-o'-the-wisp success through a varied meadow of false lights. His ambition remained strong and his good spirits persisted. The new magic was Social Justice. Every evening Henri drove from himself the fatigue of the day and led a group of Young Christian Workers who met in the dim light of a shabby room above a back-street shop. Carefully evangelizing among fierce materialists, Henri gathered little bands of Christians from among the armies of industrial workers in the steel, chemical, and rubber factories, from the slums of Liège. His own hands were covered with acid burns, for he was a laboratory helper in one of the factories. These hands were the badges of brotherhood.

Henri edited a newspaper for the movement, in the time he stole at the end of the daily struggle for subsistence. His restless energies set him in contact with other Christian revolutionaries in France and America. Occasionally his little essays in colloquial English appeared even in Dorothy Day's *The Catholic Worker*.

Now, as I sat with him in a Left Bank restaurant, the wobbly rockets and the militant foyers of post-war Socialism both seemed a little unreal. His acute discomfort in attempting to defend Belgian policy in the Congo; his cynical remarks about the wealth of a country able to afford three queens; the singing tale of work, study, work, with only a rare moment for his wife; his optimism about his career as a management consultant—"scientific manager," he calls himself—all this is the Henri of today.

Well-dressed and assured of his accomplishments and ideas, Henri Franssen talked of the stages of his life still to come: a state examination for the Civil Service, then management of the personnel of a large Belgian industrial combine, then international consultations with other commercial and manufacturing operations.

The energy of his discussion alarmed me. What had happened to Social Justice? What had happened to the magic of American ideals? It was not until the end of the evening, when Henri pulled out his father's gold watch to check the time against the moment of his departure, that I saw what had happened. On his watch fob was the emblem of the Young Christian Workers: their little wheel with gear teeth, surmounted by the cross. Designed as a means of carrying the rosary into the shop of unfriendly and vicious anti-Christianity, the little wheel was a secret badge of community. My eyes had been opened.

I looked at Henri and he at me. He said nothing, but his eyes told me that he had not changed. The furious energies he expends in Brussels are but the aftermath of a simpler, earlier life in Liège. Belgium's future was in his good hands.

In Germany, I found it more difficult to be sure of the future, which I tried to read in Robert Fischer-Jacoby. He, like Adenauer, was born in Cologne, a German with eyes which look south and west. Robert is a romantic, melancholy dreamer, misplaced in the contemporary Germany of stiff clothes and earthy appetites. He is young enough to have missed all of the war excepting the defeat. When he met me at the Cologne airport, surrounded on every side by the incredible bustle of the new West Germany, Robert was a lone dissenter to the hard satisfaction of work and ceaseless accomplishment that strode by him. He remained as I remembered him, outside the community of the satisfied, a true romantic.

With his wife and child, Robert lives in a modern apartment, looking out across the treetops of the city park, close to its Teutonic forest beauty, with antlered deer grazing in the shadow of its trees. The detachment of his house, the birds wheeling over the trees, the sound of the distant

(Continued on page 125)

NEW OCEAN DAZZLERS

(Continued from page 106)

Other firsts: two-deck-high theatres with orchestra as well as balcony seats; closed-circuit television at sea, live TV programs near port. (The inside, first-class staterooms are ingeniously arranged around small courts, have windows with sea-views.) Definite sea pleasures on these air-conditioned ships are Nannies in the day nurseries, four swimming pools, a Tourist dining room so divided that it looks like small, attractive restaurants. Itineraries change on each trip; fares are reasonable. For the forty-two-day journey from California to London, stopping at Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, through the Suez Canal, continuing into the Mediterranean to Italy, and Gibraltar, first class costs from $1,100; tourist, from $700. For the three-week trip from Sydney, Australia, to Naples, Italy; first class, around $700; tourist, about $400. Reservations in California at the P & O-Orient Lines; in other cities at Cunard.

EVERYTHING NEW—SHUTTLE SHIPS

In shuttle service from Montreal. Canada, to Liverpool, England, the newest passenger ship is the "Empress of Canada." Bigger than any of the "Empresses" of the Canadian Pacific fleet, this "Empress" will sail for the first time on April 19 from Liverpool. On that seven-day crossing, there will be a new stop at Greenock, the port for Glasgow, Scotland; and a beautiful thousand-mile cruise along the St. Lawrence River. Sea comforts: air conditioning, English stewards, two swimming pools, one indoors. Summer fares from $339, first class; $219, tourist.

Moore-McCormack's fleet of new cargo-passenger ships comes with outdoor swimming-pools. Travelling with only twelve passengers, these handsome freighters sail to South America, South Africa, and Scandinavia. Passengers may book round-trips, one-way trips, or stop off at ports along the routes. The three-to-four-weeks cruise, New York to Buenos Aires, Argentina, costs $475; passengers getting off at Trinidad pay $230. Note: these prices are for one of two people sharing a double room.

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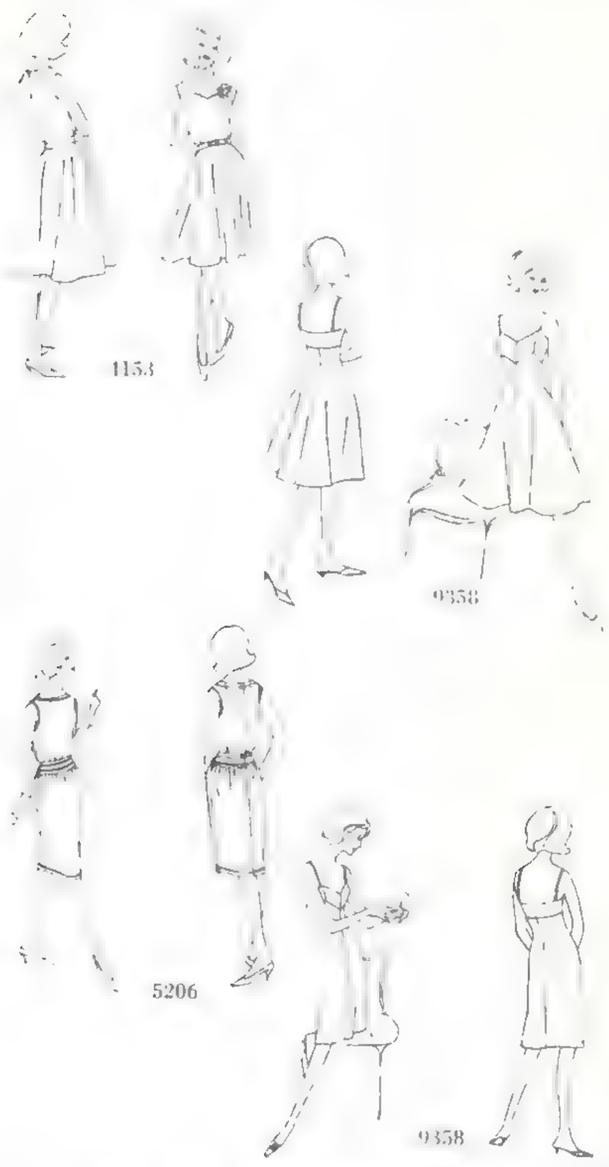


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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Other views, sizes, yardages of the Patterns shown on pages 102-103)



Far left: Cowl-neck dress, Vogue Pattern 4153, in sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, this requires 8¼ yards of 45" chiffon (allowing for three layers of fabric). $1.50.
Left: Separate slip with full skirt to wear underneath. Vogue Pattern 9358, sizes 12 to 44. For size 14, 2⅜ yds. of 42" fabric—crêpe or taffeta. 75c.
Far left: Dress with blousy top, hip yoke. Vogue Pattern 5206, in sizes 10 to 18. In size 14, it needs 7⅛ yds. of 45" chiffon (three layers); ½ yard for contrasting bands. $1.
Left: Same slip pattern—Vogue Pattern 9358, here made with narrower skirt. Size 14: 2½ yards of 42" fabric. 75c.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: California and Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10¢ additional for each pattern ordered.



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EUROPE AT THIRTY-FIVE

(Continued from page 122)

church bells of the city, are all perfectly suited to his nature. The apartment is the total of Robert's material accomplishments in his adult life.

At the end of the war. Robert, a refugee from the aerial bombardments of Cologne, was the unwelcome guest, together with his dying mother, of cousins in a Thuringian village. His father had vanished in the turmoil of defeat. His brother was reported to be a prisoner of the Russians on the Eastern Front. Crowded in an attic room, without money, without food, without medicine, alone among embittered country people, Robert was hounded nearly to suicide. He was a sensitive and artistic boy, but the music he had learned, the music he had hoped to make his life before his flight from Cologne, was stilled.

This anarchy of life lasted three years. His mother died. Robert moved from tent to cellar to tent to field. A vagrant, he moved like a ghost through the ruin of Germany.

The hounded wandering of these years killed the music in him. Starvation destroyed his health. Neglect and abuse shattered his nerves. Only the romantic yearning remained, heightened by real and imagined illnesses. Today dreams cloud his eyes as he looks out over the park. He is fortunate that a little place was made for him in the new Germany.

As a program director of a Cologne radio station, he works, comfortable and withdrawn, across the square from the Cathedral, a battered but surviving symbol of spirituality. Robert's work can not satisfy his longing for the ideal, the beautiful, the arcadian, the lost. Nostalgia for the unobtainable paralyzes him. His duties at the radio station finished for the day, he climbs back to his tower.

Gradually perhaps he will change. Robert was born in a family of spirited men, men of temperament, writers, priests, singers, musicians, artists. The war prostrated him. Germany has recovered, but Robert has not. Men less sensitive than he are making their mark. Will he, like Schiller, like Goethe, like Eichendorff, leave off yearning for the unreachable and address the conscience of his Germans?

To the south, in Italy, I talked again with Aldo Neri, the Milan representative of an American firm. He met me at the glossy Linate airport, where I arrived in a turboprop leap from Switzerland. Deprecatingly, Aldo referred to my plane as the "Alpine grasshopper." We laughed. Short, dark, and dapper behind the dark glasses of male Italy, he waved his official pass airily at an obliging customs officer. A chalk mark on the unopened baggage—and we were free. Moments later, we were compressed into his tiny car.

Eager to show me the new Italy as soon as possible, Aldo plunged on with a stream of conversation about airlines, supersonic flights, refineries, common markets, and international commerce, while threading easily through the lines of cars, trams, bicycles, and busses. Proud of his car and the other hundreds of thousands of cars in Milan, proud of his job, Aldo beamed efficient good humour. He complained only about the traffic. It was noon. Milan was on the march: homeward to lunch. Aldo was critical of the custom, which, he said, dated from the Middle Ages. How much more efficient and businesslike the American sandwich; eaten at or near the job, then quickly back to work. What a waste to spend three hours of the day travelling to and from the office, gorging on a dinner and dozing for most of the afternoon.

In his dynamism, Aldo remains, like so many other Italians, completely unaware of the beauty around him. The Sforza Castle is merely an engineering problem in the path of the new subway.

The great Cathedral blocks traffic. Perhaps it ought to be razed to provide a parking lot for the customers of the new department store under the arcade. Who wants to see the "Last Supper"? Better to spend an hour at the new supper club perched on the high, new steel tower. From there, at least, one can see the whole city of Milan, laid out in lights at night. Aldo's Italy is a maze of superhighways, airfields, automobile factories, and oil refineries. When he speaks of Italy, he means Italy north of Florence. The south is better ignored.

Modern, cynical, ambitious, energetic, Aldo has come a long way by his own wits since the war. Son of a streetcar motorman, he was raised with five brothers and sisters in three unheated rooms. He survived the bombardment of Milan, but he has not forgotten that his family remained in the city because they were too poor to flee. Aldo became a government telegrapher after the war. Ten years ago a friend mentioned an opening with an American corporation, casually, over a vermouth before lunch. One hour later, Aldo left his telegraph key and left his office without a word of explanation. He went first to a barber, then to a public bath, then to a ready-to-wear clothing store. Freshly shaved, clipped, and bathed, he went to his job interview. He was engaged at four in the afternoon and went directly to his new job, where he worked through the night without stopping. Thus he began a steady climb toward a material success which would have been impossible for him in pre-war Italy.

Aldo has driving energy and a genial nature. Faithful to his friends of post office days, he is constantly acquiring new friends, more advantageously placed. On a recent flight to the United States he met an American railroad executive whom he had known briefly in Milan. Thus Aldo was driven to New York from Idlewild in a Lincoln, and invited to use the railroad's facilities for telephoning friends, organizing his visit, confirming reservations, and sending a cable to his family. Aldo has come a long way.

He is modern Italy. Two thousand years of art in his native country interest him less than the automatic pin-setting device in a Scranton bowling alley. But he knows what Americans want to hear about his country. When he was introduced at a Rotary meeting in a small American city, he talked on the charm of Venice and Rome. He does not explain to his listeners, as he did to me, that tourists would be disappointed in Italy this year, since the country has sold the sun, its only non-competitive asset, in the European Common Market.

In a few years, Aldo Neri will be more secure in his new success. Then he will enamel his life with the old Italian lustre. Now, he has no time to be impressed with the intangibles of beauty. He recognizes only the tangible signs of success. Just as I boarded my plane for New York, he reminded me that we had overlooked something of extreme importance: Metanopolis, the new petroleum research centre outside Milan. Another time, I told him.



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MR. DNARLEY'S PIGS

BY JOYCE WARREN

One evening in 1944, during a quite bad air raid on London. an American soldier with whom I had been dining gave me an orange. He produced it from his brief case while we waited in the entrance hall of the Bachelors' Club—temporarily a U.S. Officers' Mess—for the noise outside to die down. It was the first orange I had seen for several months (orange *juice* was available on children's ration books. but not even that on those issued to adults) and the first of its kind—a large, glowing, California navel—that had ever come my way.

I did what I could to express my thanks: later, when the American suggested that I marry him. I did so. But in the meantime I had this orange problem on my hands. Simply to take it home and eat it was out of the question. Oranges were not indigenous to my wartime manner of living, any more than yachts, suits, sables, or private airplanes, and my pride of orange-ownership was considerably mitigated by the responsibility it carried. In 1944, an orange could not lightly be disposed of.

I tried, first of all, to share my present with its donor, but of course he refused to have anything to do with it, and so, after keeping it for a day or two to look at. I invited some children in. This gesture was more time-consuming than one might suppose. By 1944, London was short of children of an orange-appreciating age (most had either been evacuated to the country, or shipped, temporarily, to the North American continent) and I had no intention of wasting my substance on juice-stuffed infants. Eventually, however, after some searching, I unearthed four boys who for various reasons had already been restored to their mothers. One of them really did not deserve his luck. as he had only recently returned from Boston, Massachusetts, a city that he reported bored him on account of the fact that the houses there never fell down. Together, the five of us opened my treasure and counted its pigs (an English term for fruit sections). Satisfactorily, there were ten of them. Two apiece.

Until a few weeks ago, I don't think I'd given those orange-pigs another thought. Mr. Dnarley reminded me of them. My husband and I call him Mr. Dnarley because that was the name that he (or someone) wrote on a piece of cardboard left leaning against a stack of *Washington Posts* one morning—GONE FOR CHANGE DNARLEY.

Mr. Dnarley operates a news pile—one can not call it a stand—on what must be one of the most weather-beaten street corners in Washington, D. C. His wares are stacked in the shallow recess in the side of a bank building, and he squats alongside them. The recess shelters the papers and magazines more or less, and it prevents passers-by from treading on Mr. Dnarley, but it gives him poor protection from the wind, the sun, the cold, and the ceaseless racket of heavy traffic.

For ten hours a day, every day except Sundays, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, Mr. Dnarley operates his store. He is a large man, solid, tall, and broad, with a heavy, loaf-shaped face, red leathery skin, and small, very alert black eyes. Winters, he sits wrapped in several layers of coats and sweaters, wearing stout boots, heavy socks, knitted gloves with a hole or two in them, and a knitted cap with snug earpieces. Summers, he changes to patched cotton trousers, a T-shirt out of which burst brawny arms tattooed with anchors, and a straw hat with a small brim. I do not know which season of the year he prefers: it must all be profoundly uncomfortable.

Mr. Dnarley almost never speaks, but his observation of life about him is sharp: I am sure he doesn't miss a thing. From his behaviour over the years to me. I think he does not like women. For months I used to wish him good day when I passed, but as he never acknowledged my greeting I gave up. One time, when I offered him the wrong money for a magazine I was buying, he slammed the coins back into my hand and waited in silence for me to figure out my mistake, instead of explaining what was wrong, as anyone else would have done.

To begin with, I thought his churlishness might be associated with my dogs. We make a somewhat disorganized party as we lurch along with our shopping. library books, and leashes, but we are always a friendly one, and the dogs perfectly well understand the difference between newspapers on the floor and newspapers on the floor for sale.

But Mr. Dnarley was no more affable in his dealings with my husband, who stops at the pile every evening on his way home from work.

Of course the noise and the crowds there do not encourage conversation, but one would suppose that a nod of recognition might not be considered effusive in the case of a long-term, regular customer.

We grow roses in our small Washington garden, and so far we have always had some to pick for Thanksgiving. This year, our flowers did particularly well, and my husband took a bunch to his office on November 23 to give away. He put the best Peace rose in water and saved it till evening, and on his way home he presented it to Mr. Dnarley with his good wishes, telling him to take it home to his girl. Mr. Dnarley looked baffled, but after a moment's pause, he took the flower. Then, without changing the expression of his eyes, my husband said, he bent the corners of his mouth upward, as one might the sides of a music stand. Mr. Dnarley was smiling.

The Friday after Thanksgiving was a cold day, and my husband was startled to see that Mr. Dnarley wasn't tending his pile. A boy was selling instead, and taking so much time over the job that my husband did not like to delay him further by asking where Mr. Dnarley was.

We worried about him all that weekend. We wondered whether our rose had gone to Mr. Dnarley's head: maybe he had left us for good and gone to Baltimore and sailed away in a freighter. Or perhaps he had arrived very early at his place of business to put things into fresh order after the holiday, and frozen solid at his post. We pictured him dying in one of the city's hospitals, without so much as thawing out. But on Monday my husband telephoned from the office to say Mr. Dnarley was back, looking rugged, sharp-eyed, and surly as usual.

That evening my husband, taking advantage, as a man will. of a relationship that has progressed to the flower-giving stage, told Mr. Dnarley when he bought his paper that he was pleased to see him, and that he hoped his absence on Friday had not been because he was sick. To his astonishment, Mr. Dnarley answered. In a cracked, piping voice, gentle for so large a man, that had a note of amazement in it as if he had just survived an experience he hoped never to have to repeat, Mr. Dnarley said: "Took the day off, that's all. My first in twenty-five years."

When I learned about this, I remembered my orange, and I thought that perhaps I knew what Mr. Dnarley had just been through. My gift had seemed so munificent, so lavish, so impossibly beyond my station in life that I wasn't really able to enjoy it: I was afraid I wouldn't treat it aright.

Mr. Dnarley, driven by our rose, or perhaps by weeks of planning, to take the plunge and absent himself from his horrid niche for ten whole hours, had not known, when the time actually came, how to treat that aright either.

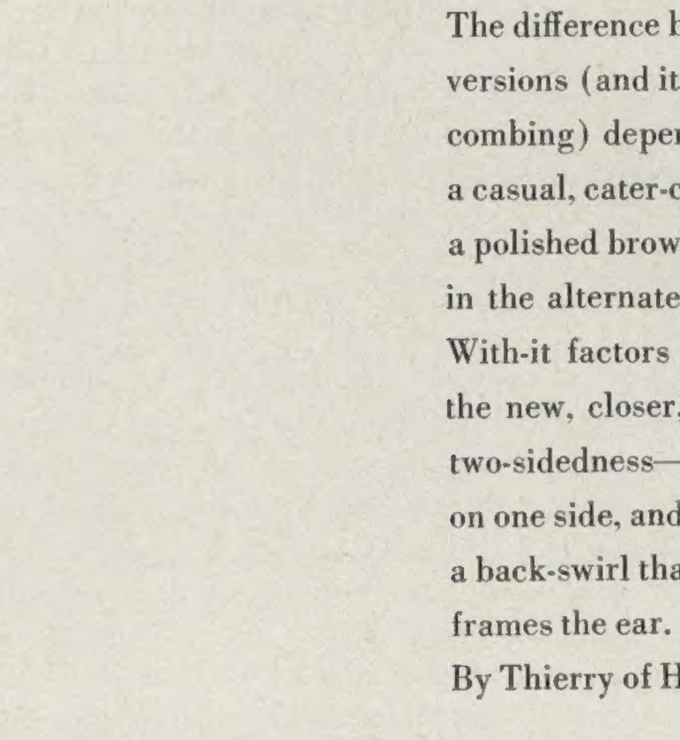
To use the hours for sleep would have been cowardly, to take a bus or train ride too expensive or too adventurous; to walk perhaps too strange; and yet to stay at home and let the leisure run through his fingers might be miserly, even gluttonous. Mr. Dnarley had, I thought, been worse off with his ten pigs than I had with mine. Orange sections can be shared. Hours can't. There wouldn't have been anyone Mr. Dnarley could invite in to help him consume his bonus, because we've already got all of it that we're allowed: twenty-four hours a day apiece. All of us, especially all children, already *have* time.

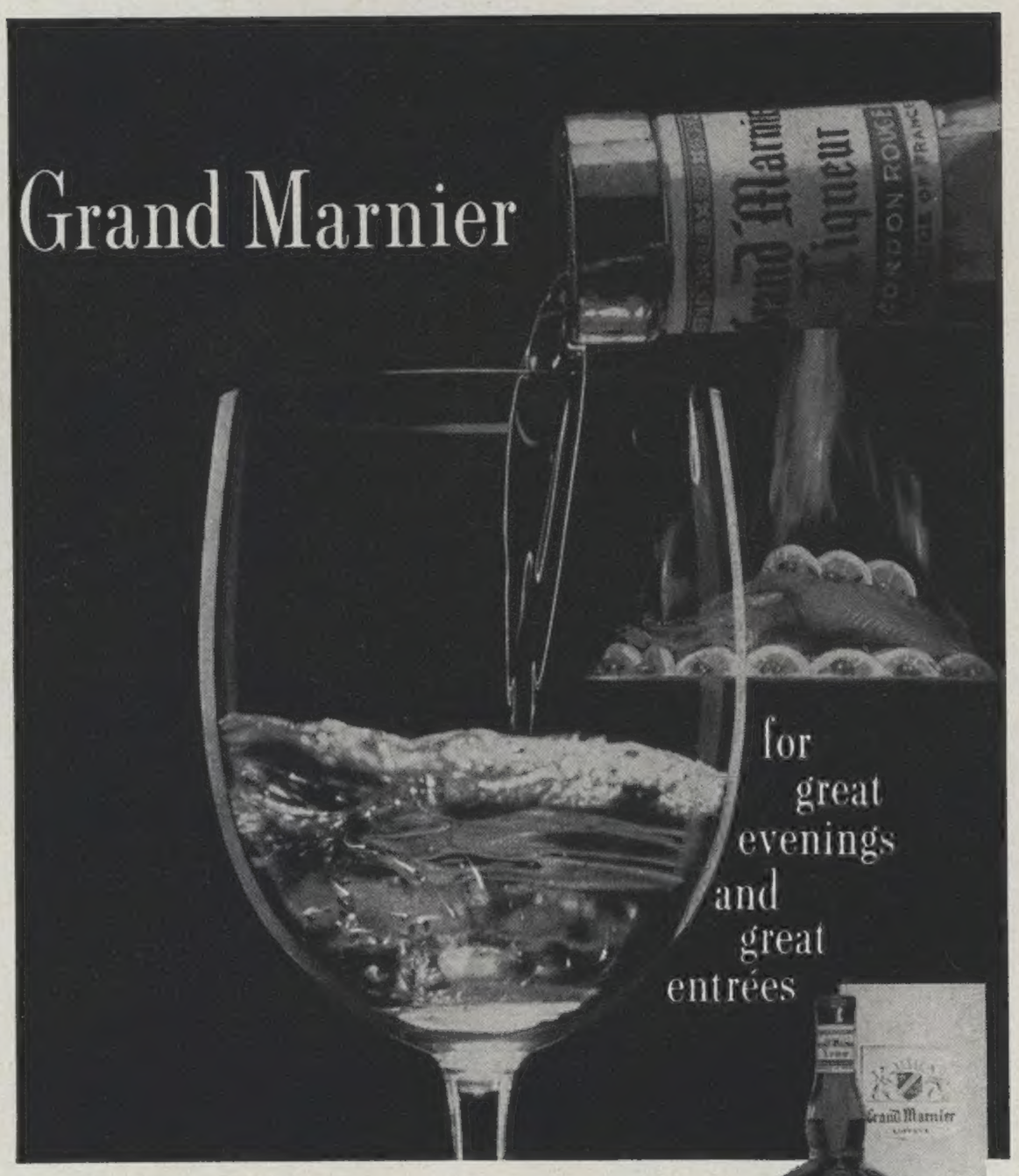


PAUL RADKAI

New coiffure—its two-way talents

A coiffure and its alter ego—
both as of-the-moment as the tiny
scale-model hats they're right for.
The difference between the two
versions (and it's all in the
combing) depends on the swag-bang—
a casual, cater-corner dip, above;
a polished brow-to-brow sweep
in the alternate version, below.
With-it factors in both:
the new, closer, smoother silhouette;
two-sidedness—a free fall
on one side, and, on the other,
a back-swirl that neatly
frames the ear.
By Thierry of Helena Rubinstein.





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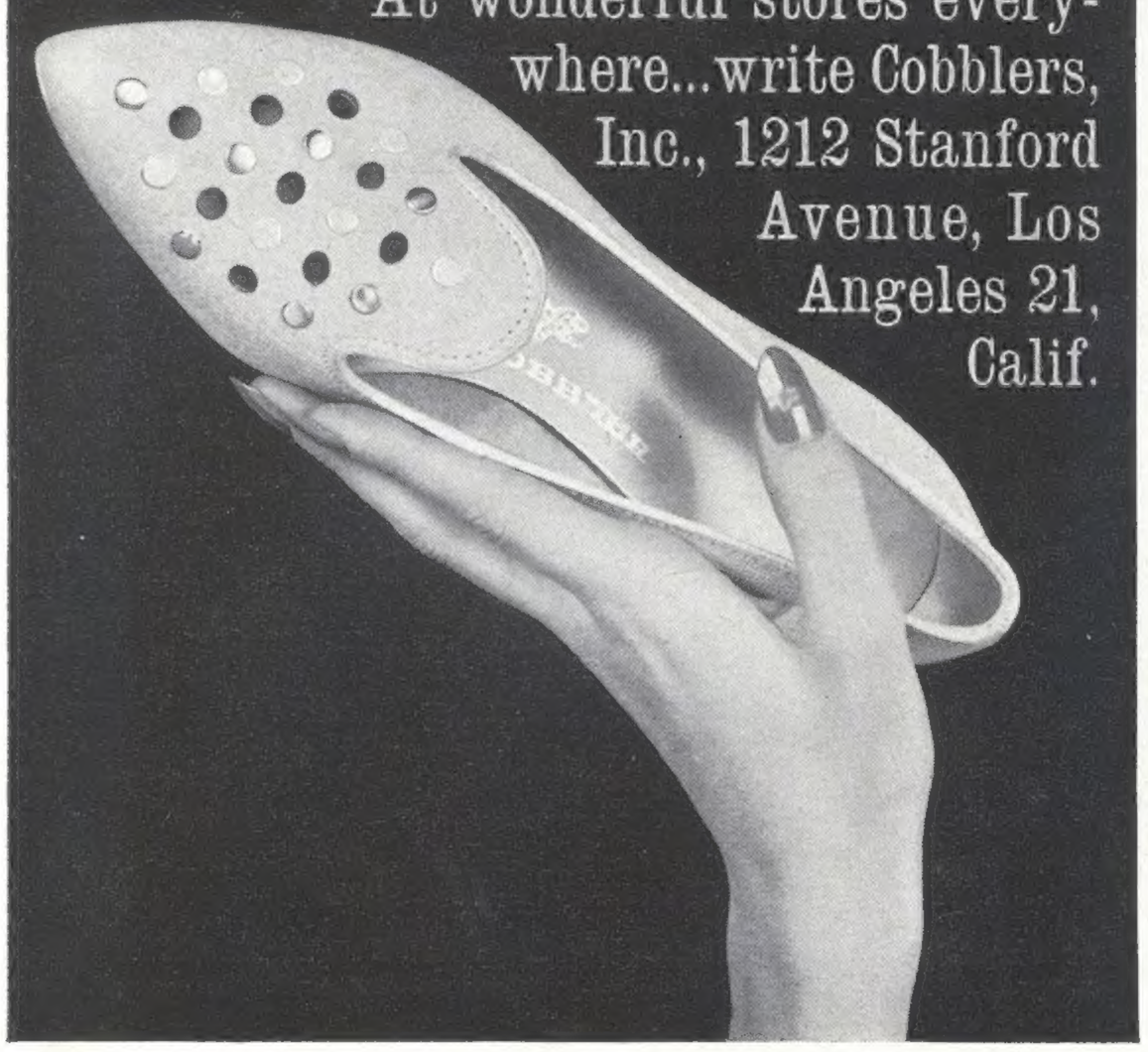
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The well-lighted face

Definition in no uncertain make-up terms is part of the new fashions—clear, unequivocal make-up, as shown on the cover of this issue (detail above). The definition begins with the discovery of your own skin tone and the foundation closest to it—here, Cream Beige. The powder repeats the tone. Eyes are made up this way: muted shadow over the eyelids, this Frosted Blue Bud; upper lids lined in brown, eyelashes brushed with black mascara. On the lips, a vivid blush, here the new Honey Bee Pink. This, and all the other make-up for the cover's look, by Revlon at Lord and Taylor.

COLOUR

(Continued from page 53)

smooth or, even newer, a look of slightly ruffled feathers (see page 84). The skin tone to search for is your own—but more faintly blushed and luminous. And the place to find it fastest is in a bottle, tube, or whatever, in a whole new batch of you-toned foundations and powders; the error to avoid is the too-pale look, always a mistake with colour. Lips have more bloom, often a golden-or-sunny-hued balance between red and pink.

Jewels of the big-and-bogus persuasion are a factor in the complete look: pins the size of small doorknobs, marvellously coloured beads of glass, plastics, wood. One of the best ways to capture some of this new jewel-power is by massing chains of coral, real or fake, deep or pale, on a pink silk or perhaps blatant yellow linen dress, on a raw-silk blue suit or perhaps a lilac one. Great pins of rose quartz and turquoise set chunkily in gold are worn like medallions *without* chains, centred on the simplest little bright dresses; these stones, too, in bracelets and beads the size of walnuts. Translucent beads in fruit-drop colours go swimmingly with almost any little vivid silk dress; pinball beads in a green, white, and pink mix, are striking with tobacco-brown linen; amber kumquats, perhaps with burnished orange or pink chiffon; and many strands of jade beads, especially with violet or lilac. Great unjewelled gold earrings and bracelets, with a huge fake jewelled pin, are dashing with any colour. For night glitter, there are sensational long chains of rhinestones, fake turquoises, and gold beads; their place, on a long navy-blue crêpe or green chiffon evening dress. Some of the most effective evening jewellery now has an Oriental look in colour combinations as surprising and burning as the first Fauve explosions of paint.

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